OUTLOOK
and Independent

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"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—*Theodore Roosevelt*

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Jobs for Men Only?
By Edna C. McKnight
Women workers have been hard hit by the depression, and already the question is being asked, "Shall We Send Women Back to the Home?" This article discusses the question.

Critics' Holiday
By N. L. Rothman
Every new book from the press is hailed by blurb writers and reviewers in extravagant terms—but they can't all be superlatives, says this critic of critics.

Politics and the Mooney Case
By Miriam Allen De Ford
Mooney and Billings are still in prison because of California politics, says this writer, who tells why she thinks they may never be pardoned.

Penniless Lady Immigrants
By Else Torge Dougall
They had fled here from broken lands, seeking the boundless opportunities of a new country, and were forced to struggle for years as servants—but again they are emerging.

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WITH OUR READERS

Crime Among Jews

To the Editor: *Brockton, Mass.*

SIR—The article entitled, "The Jews War on Crime," in your August 12 issue is naturally pleasing to the heart of every American Jew. Mr. Coulter is, on the whole, correct in his reasons for the great proportionate decline of crime among the Jewish people of New York, but he has left out a very important factor, the Jewish Center Movement, with its emphasis on supervised recreation and character training. In the years since Commissioner Bingham made his unguarded statement the number of these Jewish Community Centers in and about New York has increased tremendously and their influence has increased even more, so that now there are tens of thousands of children in New York getting their training in these institutions. If my experience in a smaller community holds good for New York, it will be found that among these Center children the proportion of delinquents is considerably smaller than among the general population of Jews.

A careless reading of the article might create the impression that the Jewish immigrants to this country included a large criminal class, which is entirely untrue. Jews in the countries of their origin provide a very small proportion of the criminal population of their countries, although it is true that the processes of adjustment here did breed a type of petty criminality. The statistics also show that in the South, with its predominantly native population, crime even among the Whites is proportionately large, especially murders and assaults. Furthermore, while all immigration has been greatly reduced, not only Jewish immigration, crime in general is not decreasing to any great extent. The poor immigrant is blamed entirely too much for many things which are in the American tradition, and certain types of crime, at least, are certainly in the tradition if a reading of American frontier history is to be trusted.

WILLIAM PINSKER.

Rural Patriots

To the Editor: *Philadelphia*

SIR—Anent the article entitled, "Christian Culture, R. F. D." by R. W. Baggott and Philip McKee. Words fail me in expressing my utter contempt and disapproval of this article and also of the management that allowed it to be published.

What is this country coming to when individuals like these can class great sections of our Christian citizenship as yokels. People who are respectable, who work hard, who pay their debts, who are honest, who raise and educate families to the best of their abilities. These yokels sent their sons by the hundreds of thousands to the World War and many of their forebears fought in previous wars. These yokels bought liberty bonds by the million. Not yokels—patriots.

Anything that makes me sick is writers like these and some others who are even more notorious who would poke fun at great sections of our country. Remember some of our greatest came from the backward parts of our land and with hardly any opportunities they have risen to the heights.

ROBERT H. GORDON.

Those New Hats

To the Editor: *New York City*

SIR—And particularly to the editor who wrote about the new style in hats for women. I cannot refrain from saying amen and amen! The silly little chapeaux *are* "idiotic" and ugly. The woman past thirty who dares to adopt the style will—in nine cases out of ten—look a freak. But, dear editor, let me tell you this; it may not be news. Concerning fashion's vagaries we women are sheep. We would rather look like freaks than wear a style a minute behind "the latest" no matter how unbecoming the new style may be. Some of us, however, are glad when a man raises his voice in protest, because in spite of what some women say to the contrary women *do* dress for men. And men dress for women. Both statements are nearly axiomatic. If a few more men rally to the side of the OUTLOOK and tell their women frankly how ridiculous that empress hat looks on madam's head it will have a short life. No, in matters of dress there are many times when women are not people, they are just plain fools.

BERTHA MAY.

The Psychology of Prosperity

To the Editor: *Los Angeles*

SIR—Had Mr. Hoover served his term four years earlier the Wall Street eruption and subsequent depression would have occurred in the fall of 1925. This is based on the psychology of the times, which, with the presence of Mr. Hoover in the White House, would have flamed into the explosion. Perhaps we would all have been better off, for our new President—probably Smith—would now be well advanced in repairing the economic damage.

It was Coolidge, perhaps, by sitting tight and keeping his mouth shut who made our prosperity drag out as long as it did, which proves that silence is golden. When Coolidge said, "I do not choose to run," he meant that he saw the dangerous magazine that mass psychology was creating out of our mounting prosperity. He knew he was unpopular because the times called for a man of "hot air," and with this attribute he was not specially gifted.

Then came the great engineer, who stepped on the gas and began spilling us right away, until finally his band wagon came to a dead stop. Now, what did Mr. Hoover mean when he promised us more candy? Didn't this create within a large part of the electorate an infantile conception that he was the G. O. P. Santa Claus? In taking such a rank advantage of mass psychology, and furthering this belief, he did only what the psychology of the times expected, and no one now has the right to accuse him of having played a "con game." The people are not good sports when they begin to yell now.

T. B. DOWDEN.

Sacco-Vanzetti Memorial

To the Editor: *Washington*

SIR—Some of your readers may be interested to recall that the fourth anniversary of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti falls on August 22 and 23. There will be a memorial meeting on Saturday evening, August 22, at the Old South Meeting House in Boston, Massachusetts, to consider once again the issues involved in that case (which the Wickersham Commission seems to have overlooked) and to attempt an appraisal of the kind of men Sacco and Vanzetti were and of their significance in the American civilization which hated and feared them enough to kill them. Professor Walton Hale Hamilton of the Yale Law School will head the list of speakers.

GARDNER JACKSON.

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"What do you know about this business ?" the King said to Alice.
"Nothing," said Alice.
"Nothing WHATEVER *?" persisted the King.*
"Nothing whatever," said Alice.
"That's very important," the King said . . . .

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OUTLOOK
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August 26, 1931

▸▸ Trend of the Week ◂◂

▸▸*A Lewis Carroll Report*

THE Wickersham commission, which slipped over the brink of absurdity with its report on prohibition, hit bottom the other day with its report on Causes of Crime. "What are the causes of crime?" the commissioners, in effect, were asked. "Dunno," they reply. "We haven't the faintest idea."

And that is really all they say, though their report is 250,000 words long. All but a few paragraphs are written by the commission's experts, none of whose conclusions are endorsed by the commissioners. The underlying factors in our lawless era are too complicated and theoretical to be boiled down to anything more than a controversial social philosophy, they say; they "find it impossible comprehensively to discuss the causes of crime or factors in non-observance of law." What this says in a great many words is simply, "We don't know." No more fantastic report has ever been issued. It is hard to see how the government-by-commission idea can outlive it.

▸▸*Plea for Petters*

KING RACKET goes too far. It's bad enough when he gets a grip on liquor dealers, laundrymen, truckers and the rest. It's ten times worse when he reaches out for the petting party. North Carolina, which reports a widespread "petting party racket" by its magistrates, says that parked automobiles are raided in search of clinging couples who, brought to court, are told that upon payment of costs they will be dismissed without publicity and without trial. Naturally they pay. The racket works so smoothly and profitably that, it is said, North Carolina magistrates have no further necessity for speed traps.

Shall this outrage continue? The mere thought is unthinkable. Liquor, laundry and trucking may succumb to the racketeer if they will. That great American institution, the petting party, must not. The North Carolina racket must be stopped before it spreads. Menace and destruction threaten precious customs and characteristics of the flower of our youth. Our young men and women must not be forced to become economical with their affections and niggardly with their caresses. The roadsides must be made safe for parking petters. Courting must stay out of court. American girls must be kept kissable.

▸▸*Stupidity in Japan*

JAPANESE authorities have done an irritating and stupid thing in the case of Pangborn and Herndon, the two aviators who abandoned their projected round-the-world flight over Siberia and proceeded to Tokio, intending to try a non-stop flight to Seattle. Arriving in Tokio, they were placed under arrest, questioned for day after day, then finally tried and sentenced to pay fines of a thousand dollars each or spend two hundred days in jail.

Their offense? Innocently, without knowing where they were, they flew over certain Japanese fortifications and—as, unasked, they revealed—took moving pictures of the scenery. Early dispatches from Tokio indicated that their arrest was a mere formality and that they would speedily be cleared. They should have been. Or, with the innocence of their intent so obvious, they could have been lectured or fined a few dollars and the case disposed of in a day or two. Instead they were kept in hot water from August 6 until August 15 and then confronted with this nonsensical penalty. If officials in the United States had treated Japanese fliers similarly in similar circumstances Japan would have deafened high heaven with protests and every fair American would have sympathized with her. Of this the Japanese officials may well be reminded. From start to finish theirs was a jackass performance of the minor but exasperating type well calculated to embitter Japanese-American relations.

▸▸*The Michigan Murder*

NOT infrequently northerners greet news of southern lynchings and attempted lynching with the boast that things of that sort could not happen above the Mason-Dixon line. They err. Things of that sort not only can happen in the North but occasionally do, as the recent mob demonstration in Michigan indicates.

The provocation in this case was of course extreme. Two boys and girls were held up, robbed and killed by a Negro and two young white men, one of them an ex-convict, in an auto on a lonely road near Ypsilanti, not far from Detroit. Their tragedy began when one of them recognized one of the robbers. It ended in flame, their car drenched with gasoline, their dead bodies piled within. The arrest of the criminals was the signal for two lynching demonstrations, one at Ypsilanti, the other at Ann Arbor, seat of the state university. Only the sincere and intelligent determination of the police to let the law take its course prevented the prisoners from falling into the hands of the mob, which was scarcely to be stopped even by tear bombs.

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Michigan, then, can take pride in its police, if not in its mob outbreak. It can also take pride in the speediness with which the murderers were tried and sentenced to life imprisonment, the maximum penalty permitted under Michigan law. The criminals were sentenced within six hours of their confessions and for the crime of early Tuesday were in prison for life late Thursday. The proper principle is that trials should be delayed no longer than is necessary for the preparation of an adequate defense, and here there was little or no defense to be prepared, since all three defendants pleaded guilty. One cannot but believe that such swift and certain punishment will prove a strong deterrent to criminals and potential criminals in and around the scene of this crime.

▶▶*Failure and Folly*

With its ridiculous proposal for the plowing under of every third row of cotton the Farm Board turns its failure into a farce. As we have frequently said, abject failure has dogged its every attempt to prevent overproduction in wheat and cotton and to raise and peg their prices. But, harassed though it has been by its huge holdings of wheat and cotton purchased at prices far above present levels and by heavy storage charges, the Board might nevertheless have refrained from making so confused and stupid a proposal as this.

As the Board recognized, the country has a prospective cotton crop of 15,000,000 bales and a carry-over from last year of 9,000,000 bales. That means 24,000,000 bales at hand this fall. The world consumption of American cotton for the year ending next July 1 is not expected to exceed 13,000,000 bales. That means a carryover in 1932 of 11,000,000 bales. Hence, cotton selling at ten cents a pound a few months ago brings less than seven cents now and may bring still less this fall.

Facing this situation, the Board suggested to cotton state governors that growers effect a 4,000,000-bale reduction by plowing under every third row. Knowing their cotton if nothing else, the governors dismissed this nostrum as nonsense. They saw no reason to believe that it would so increase prices that the farmer would get as much for his two rows as he normally would for his three. They saw that there would still be a 7,000,000-bale oversupply. They saw that, according to the Board's own statistics, to eliminate the carry-over the farmer would have to destroy, not merely every third row, but every second one. They saw, finally, that there was no practicable method of making him destroy any of it. And so they hooted at the Board's proposal, as who would not?

More than any other, this incident has dramatized the failure and folly of the government's attempts at price fixing. By now the warmest advocate of the Farm Board should see that it should limit itself to efforts to help the farmer to help himself through coöperatives whose goals are gradually decreased production, more diversification and better marketing. Beyond this it should not go.

▶▶*The Cuban Revolt*

The long-developing Cuban revolution has come and, it would seem at this writing, practically gone. At the end of a week's skirmishing the rebels still have some troops in the field, some hope of striking another blow at President Machado. But Machado has command of the situation. He has it because he built his house upon a rock—the army—and because that rock stood firm during the storm. Without the loyalty of the army he would have passed into limbo. With it he has checkmated the revolution, captured its leaders and gained a new lease on political life.

The failure of Cuba to rise *en masse* merely shows that it sides with the heaviest battalions. Ever since last summer bombings, riots and street fights had forced the President to lean almost solely on his army. The question was whether popular antagonism to Machado was so strong that the army would crack in the face of a first-class rebellion. When fighting started east and west of Havana, the rebels hoped that it would. It didn't. The army, the navy, the police and the *rurales,* or rural guards, have carried Machado through. True, he had money and, true, he had luck in the speedy capture of General Menocal, Colonel Mendieta and other rebel officers in the hilly province of Pinar del Rio. But money and luck were not all. Machado had not built good roads into the provinces simply for civilian travel nor put the army on wheels without thought of revolution. Not for nothing did he have a formidable aviation squadron trained to locate rebel troops, to disperse them with bombs, to point the way for the cavalry and infantry. Not for nothing had he kept his troops well fed and well paid. In last analysis, the army stood with Machado because he had predetermined that it should.

International

VICTIMS OF CHAUVINISM

Clyde E. Pangborn and Hugh Herndon, Jr., unjustly punished in Japan

▶▶*Its Background*

The quickness with which Cuba's revolution cools down is matched by the slowness with which it boiled up. The incentive to revolt on the island hardly differed from that in other Latin-American countries where the past eighteen months have produced one revolution after another. Through Cuba ran the same old threads—economic depression, dictatorial government by the "ins," political ambition by the "outs," and a populace unskilled in the practices of democracy. Not by our standards can Americans understand why revolutions have developed in Cuba and other Latin-American nations. Against the party in power here economic depression nor-

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mally brings ballots; in Latin-America it brings bullets, largely because a party in power fixes elections so that balloting by the "outs" is futile. But this does not explain why Cuba's revolution developed more slowly than those of the other countries. The answer is that the Cuban people are more averse to revolution than other Latin-Americans. Because of this, and because Machado has been putting down every uprising with a heavy hand, there was little chance for open rebellion unless the discontent was widespread and the provocation extreme.

They were. A severe slump in the price of sugar—Cuba's principal crop—developed long before our Wall Street crash. The price has been falling ever since. Furthermore, world depression, especially American depression, has cut revenues from the tourist trade—Cuba's second industry—and brought no comfort to tobacco, its third. The depression alone would have stirred up trouble for Machado, but the depression was not the only irritant. Tyrannical is a mild description of Machado's methods. Then again, the clever fashion by which the end of his administration was postponed from 1929 to 1935 added fuel to the flames, which were carefully tended by politicians eager for the financial rewards accompanying control of the government.

Many dispatches from Cuba declare that Machado's success teaches Cubans the lesson of waiting for elections to decide who shall rule. But will the lesson be learned? Granted that the strength of the rebel military movement has been cut away, the causes back of it are still untouched. Machado has new strength but he will also have difficulty in employing it. If he continues to act high-handedly he will merely incite more rebellion; if he relaxes he may invite the defeat of his own forces. He is still in the frying pan even if he is out of the fire.

▶▶*Not So Dreadful*

For years we have all been hearing, notably from Arthur Brisbane, that the next war would be won in the air. Infantry, we were led to suppose, had become virtually obsolete; so had cruisers, coast artillery and so on. The nation with the superior airplanes would be an almost instantaneous victor. Great fleets of planes would destroy cities, disrupt rail traffic, shatter navies, terrorize noncombatants and do many other dreadful things besides.

And maybe so. But let's look back to August 11. Plowing through heavy waters off North Carolina on that date was an army mine planter, towing the old freighter Mount Shasta, which had been converted into a target. Back at Langley Field near Norfolk was an army aviation unit, with observation planes to locate the Mount Shasta and bombing planes to destroy her. A radio signal, a few hours' wait and there the observation planes were. But where, oh where, were the bombers? Out there somewhere, to be sure, but certainly nowhere near the Mount Shasta. Unable to locate the target, the bombers had no other course but to go home. How they lost their way in doing so, how the Mount Shasta was not relocated and bombed for three more days, how even then the aviators missed the mark so widely that the Coast Guard had to sink the ship with shells, is all another story and one which reverence for military men forbids us to tell. Besides, this was doubtless an exceptional case. Our point is simply that, if we were Mr. Brisbane, the thought of air attacks might still worry us some, but it wouldn't worry us so much.

▶▶*A Break for Roosevelt*

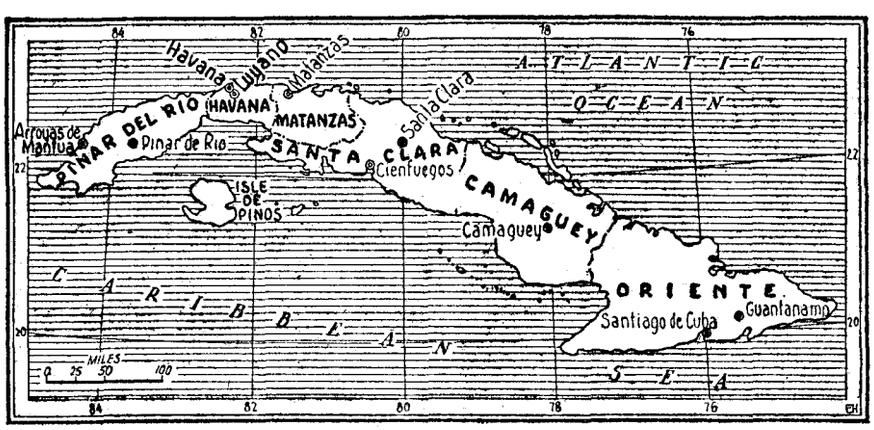
Until convention time, until election time itself if Governor Roosevelt wins the Democratic nomination for President, much will be said about his recent decision to order a special session of the New York legislature even though Tammany opposed it and may be embarrassed by it.

The thing stems back to the doings of a horse doctor, one William F. Doyle, lately questioned by the Seabury committee, the committee of the state legislature which is now investigating the government of New York City. The committee wanted to know about the fat fees which Doyle received from clients for winning cases before the Tammany controlled Board of Standards and Appeals. Dr. Doyle admitted receiving the fees and also admitted splitting them, but refused to say with whom, specifically whether with Tammany officials or not. Offered immunity from prosecution if he would tell all, he refused to tell anything. His attorneys even contended that the committee lacked the power to grant immunity. And so, surprisingly, when the point was made before it, did the Court of Appeals, in a decision which produced the committee's request that Governor Roosevelt convene the legislature so that it might clothe the committee with the immunity-granting power it thought it had in the first place. That is what the Governor has done. Only minor Tammanyites are irritated by his action, as it was really the only course open to him.

Events over which he had no control shaped his course for him this time. Yet it luckily follows the lines of the best strategy possible for Roosevelt. With his foes intent on publicizing Tammany's misdeeds and then arguing that the Hall and the Governor are one, political strategy has dictated that he pull as far away from Tammany as he can without pulling its support out from under him. His present action has that effect. In so far as it does anything, it will tend to injure his standing with Tammany a great deal less than it will aid his standing in states where Tammany is anathema.

▶▶*Two Ways on Wine*

The Hoover Administration's policy on home-made wine has now settled enough



N. Y. Times

MACHADO LAND

Rebel activities in Cuba are centered in provinces of Santa Clara and Pinar del Rio

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to be clear. This became plain on August 15, when, despite all earlier criticism, the Federal Farm Board announced that

in addition to previous advances of $2,500,000 it would make another loan to Mabel Walker Willebrandt's client, Fruit Industries, Ltd., manufacturers of the Vine-Glo grape concentrate, or Willebrandt wine. Two years ago, Mrs. Willebrandt resigned as Assistant Attorney General in charge of prohibition enforcement and, amazingly, became counsel for the California concentrate people. Since then the public has wondered what Mr. Hoover's permanent attitude toward grape-concentrates would be.

Now it can see, though not without difficulty, since, like many other Janus-like Hoover policies, this one faces two ways and is therefore confusing. The Administration, without testing it before the Supreme Court, has agreed to that construction of the Volstead act which holds that, unlike any other beverage, home-made wine is legal even if it passes the half of one per cent limit—is legal until it becomes "intoxicating in fact," which is a question to be decided by a jury in each instance. This means that effective interference with home wine-making is impossible and, as the Wickersham commission has said, "it appears to be the policy of the government not to interfere with it." The Hoover Administration is making no attempt to plug up the loophole in the Volstead act so as to put wine in the same category as beer. It is not prosecuting concentrate sellers except rarely when it not only knows but believes it can prove that they intend their product for the manufacture of intoxicants. It is not asking the Supreme Court to rule on the legality of concentrate sales. Instead, it is aiding such sales by government loans to the California concentrate-makers.

It is carrying concentrate on both shoulders, probably with its mind on certain practical political advantages, such as the advantage of pleasing the grape-growers of Mr. Hoover's home state. Again, won't the drys have their law and the wets their Willebrandt wine? To be sure, wine shall not be legalized, because that would outrage the drys, but it shall be obtainable because that may placate the wets. Mr. Hoover, standing firmly on the dry side, will make this propitiatory gesture to the wet one. And so everybody will be happy and everybody will vote for him next year. At least, that's probably the intention. As matters stand, however, the Hoover policy on concentrates strikes most voters as double-faced and hypocritical and so serves to get him deeper in dutch than ever.

▸▸*Lucas Looks Ahead*

Assuming that he believes what he says, as he probably does not, Robert H. Lucas is treating himself to a pipe-dream. The executive director of the Republican National Committee had just declared that the tariff and international affairs will be the big issues of the 1932 campaign. If Mr. Lucas really doesn't see that the big issues are practically bound to be prosperity and prohibition, he is the only American alive who doesn't.

It is now clear that, no matter how far business has revived by November of next year, an issue will be made of the failure of Mr. Hoover and the Republican party to keep their 1928 promises to preserve and enhance prosperity. It is equally clear that, having been in power, Mr. Hoover and his party will be held responsible for failing to find any adequate method of relieving the nation's economic misery. Finally it is clear that Mr. Hoover will suffer at the polls for his long series of blunders and evasions. The Democrats will certainly make issues of these things and nothing that the Republicans can do will prevent them.

Everything important that has occurred during the Hoover Administration will be an issue next year, as Mr. Lucas should know. Hence the failure of the Farm Board will be one issue and the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill another, though both are likely to be mere minor parts of the great issue of vanished prosperity. Like the prohibition issue, the prosperity issue probably makes Mr. Lucas unhappy, which may be why he plays them down, but both will surely be prominent next year. With the Democratic party almost certain to be wet and the Republican party dry, prohibition should be a lively issue indeed. Additional issues seem to be looming up—Tammany power and so on—and still more will appear before election day, but, judging from present indications, prosperity and prohibition will almost certainly outweigh all others.

▸▸*To Go or Not to Go?*

The British policy toward India is not the least complex problem under discussion at the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Massachusetts. No one at Williamstown, no one anywhere, has shown how the British government can either grant Gandhi's Nationalists the independence they demand or, without granting it, avoid strife. Hence there was no surprise when Professor Gregory of Manchester University failed to present a panacea at the Institute, though more than a little when he maintained that Britain is fashioning its Indian policy to suit the United States. His statement that any weakness in the British policy may be attributed to pro-Gandhi feeling in America is an interesting contribution to the Indian problem rather than a convincing one.

Hard on its heels came Gandhi's announcement that he would not attend

COUNSEL FOR CONCENTRATE
Mabel Walker Willebrandt, formerly Assistant Attorney General in charge of prohibition enforcement

the projected London conference on India in London. Since the failure of last year's conference to settle the independ-

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ence question was largely due to the refusal of Gandhi and his Nationalists to attend, the British had moved heaven and earth to bring Gandhi to this one. While in March Gandhi agreed to go, he now asserts that the British have broken the pact of which his agreement was only a part. Hence his pronouncement, done in the best Gandhi style. He would have it thought that his decision is final. Recalling earlier vacillation on his part, however, one doubts it. Gandhi's absence from the conference may be considered as uncertain as his chance of getting anything should he attend. In fact, the only certain phase right now is that the pro-Gandhi feeling in America will gradually fade away unless the Mahatma stops wavering and gets down to brass tacks.

▶▶*Sterling Follows Suit*

USING troops to close the oil wells in the great East Texas field, Governor Sterling of Texas imitates Governor Murray of Oklahoma, to be sure, but he does rather more. He strikes at the root of the mid-continent oil industry's overproduction problem. Since the root was in Texas, Governor Murray could not reach it, though he struck hard at certain branches.

By prorating the production among the different oil fields, Oklahoma made considerable progress in reducing the supply up to the first of the year, when all was unsettled by the rapid exploitation of the newly discovered field in East Texas. The nation's daily production had been cut to 2,100,000 barrels when the East Texas production jumped from 10,000 barrels daily to 500,000 and then to 600,000. Consequently in a few months prices fell from a dollar a barrel to nineteen cents, though they then climbed back to fifty cents. Thereupon, Governor Murray demanded a dollar a barrel and shut Oklahoma's wells when he couldn't get it. At that time we pointed out that his action might strengthen prices temporarily but that, if the major cause of overproduction lay in Texas, a permanent cure could hardly come from Oklahoma.

The question is whether it can come from Texas either. The noteworthy thing in Governor Sterling's move is not merely that East Texas production is being shut off now but that henceforth it will be prorated by the state railroad commission, acting under conservation laws. The oil industry's actual hope of stabilization will come then, not now. Governor Sterling is merely clearing the way by preventing the accumulation of a vast surplus of oil before the commission's orders go into effect.

Remarkable Remarks

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on Page 544.

If all the women in China would put four-inch ruffles on the bottom of their dresses, they soon would use up all the surplus cotton.—GOV. WILLIAM H. ("ALFALFA BILL") MURRAY.

M. C. Rankin, 30 Longwood Ave., Brookline, Mass., $5 prize.

We could have prosperity back in six months if people would sell bananas instead of apples.—EDDIE CANTOR.

J. N. Bracher, Rome City, Ind., $2 prize.

From the way business is picking up in most of the major industries, I am sure the slump is over and we are getting back to normal.—GOV. JULIUS L. MEIER.

Elois F. Elden, 1405 Grant St., Berkeley, Cal., $2 prize.

Depression is one of the main reasons for the world-wide popularity which Contract Bridge enjoys.—ELY CULBERTSON.

Henry C. Suter, South Jacksonville, Fla., $2 prize.

Most of America's present trouble is caused by thinking.—ROBERT QUILLEN.

Dile Train, 73 Sullivan St., Forty Fort, Pa., $2 prize.

Being a King is a job like any other, and a country wants to feel, must feel, that its chief executive can command respect and is entitled to that respect.—KING CAROL OF RUMANIA.

Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.

I have no gang. I'm not a gangster. I haven't a thing to conceal.—JACK ("LEGS") DIAMOND.

J. F. Baudo, 204 Otis St., Hartford, Conn., $2 prize.

No matter how much money she has, a woman generally wants something for nothing.—CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

Eli Oboler, 3440 Leland Ave., Chicago, Ill., $2 prize.

Even now, when I have achieved some degree of success in my chosen field, I find so many doubt my wisdom, judgment and ability.—RUDY VALLEE.

Frances Gelfer, 15 Electric St., Patchogue, N. Y., $2 prize.

▶▶*Greenland's Ice Cap*

GREENLAND, after all, may be only a festoon of islands instead of a minor continent. As much is indicated by scientific research just performed by three Heidelberg professors who have been sounding the depths of the great mantle of ice which constitutes nearly all of Greenland's map. These men have stolen a hint from the latest, most scientific method of finding oil in Texas—the so-called "seismic" method in which large blasts of dynamite are set off at one place, the shocks traveling downward and being reflected upward again from oil-bearing rocks and caught by seismographic recording instruments not far distant. In Greenland similar artificial earthquakes were sent downward through the ice and, reaching the solid rock on which the great ice cap rests, were reflected back to the recording instruments. The time in seconds required for the round-trip journey tells directly the depth of the ice. A method similar in principle is the "sonic" depth finding now in wide use on ships at sea.

It was found that Greenland's ice cap is nearly nine thousand feet thick and, since its surface altitude is more than nine thousand feet above sea level, this shows that if the ice were magically to be removed from Greenland there would be an inland sea. Around the edge, of course, there is a fringe of land, which probably is really a fringe of islands.

To geologists this comparatively simple method of sonic "boring" through almost two miles of ice provides an indirect answer to a much-mooted question. How deep was the ice mantle which once covered our northern states? Most authorities, basing their estimates on theory, have guessed between one and two miles—it is a question of how deep

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ice will stand without spreading out. It looks now as if the geologic guessers guessed cannily.

▶▶*Advice from a Kansan*

CALMLY, confidently, blandly, Federal Judge Hopkins, of Kansas and the

Keystone

SAYS HERE'S HOW
Federal Judge Richard J. Hopkins advances plan for New York clean-up

Anti-Saloon League, puts the cart before the horse. Judge Hopkins is the jurist who, sitting in New York City for the summer months, recently presided at the trial of "Legs" Diamond, whom he sentenced to four years in prison for operating a still and conspiring to violate the prohibition law. Flushed with the publicity he received in this case, he has been telling New York how to clean itself up, getting all his premises wrong end to.

The people of New York, he says, should observe and respect the law. This is to reverse the natural order of things, which is that the law under which they live should observe and respect the people of New York. The prohibition laws, to which he chiefly refers, run counter to the customs of an overwhelming majority of these people, as they do in virtually all our large cities. Hence they are violated and will be until they are repealed. It is futile to tell these people to obey laws to which they are profoundly opposed, just as it would be to tell the people of Kansas to obey laws to which they were similarly opposed. When the great majority of the people of a community hate a law, that law is fundamentally unenforceable and, in the end, attempts to enforce it must be abandoned.

This accounts for New York's speakeasies. The police, says Judge Hopkins, should close these speakeasies down. But the New York speakeasy is merely a symbol of the New Yorker's demand for intoxicants, and to close it down would be simply to place substitutes in its stead—kitchen dives and so on. Furthermore, how would the police go about it? According to former Police Commissioner Whalen, the speakeasies in Greater New York number about thirty thousand. How many hundreds of thousands of policemen would be required to close them all and keep them closed? Judge Hopkins does not realize what he is saying. His experience in New York has taught him nothing. To him, as to his fellow Anti-Salooners, the people of New York, like the people of our other large cities, are just so many hopeless mysteries.

▶▶*Mr. Britten's Navy*

Little Fred Britten at Montauk was sittin',
Gloating o'er ships and gobs;
Then came the tale: He has lots for sale.
Now he's all sighs and sobs.

THAT would be fairly accurate Mother Goose version of the summer scandal at Montauk, on the eastern tip of Long Island. It all started when the five thousand officers and sailors of our scouting fleet, sent to Montauk for a week, discovered that it took money to have a good time there. Thereupon some inquisitive soul, setting out to discover why the fleet was at Montauk in the first place, learned that it had been ordered there at the request of Representative Britten, chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee and big gun and armament man from Illinois. It was also discovered that the dirigible Los Angeles had spent a week at Montauk, that Admiral Moffett had flown there and the U. S. S. Constitution was coming there. Finally, it was reported that, by a strange coincidence or something, Mr. Britten was a landholder at Montauk and a stockholder in the Montauk Beach Development Corporation.

It's really poetic license, though, to say that Mr. Britten's all sighs and sobs. Unlike Little Miss Muffet, the Congressman was not frightened away. He continued to busy himself with entertaining at Montauk and enumerating the great advantages of the fleet's visit. It was so much better, he said, than anchoring at Newport. In the first place, he favored an operating navy. Secondly, he felt that the visit would help to counteract pacifist speeches on Long Island. Thirdly, it would make the people realize that "this is the United States Navy and not the Newport Navy." Finally, there were three more reasons for the visit in "the fine harbor, the fine weather and the proximity to New York"—for the newly enlisted seaman the fare from Montauk to New York equals six days' pay.

So that's the way it is, and there seems little more to be said, except, perhaps, to wonder whether Mr. Britten will some day write a new recruiting slogan—"Join the Navy and See My Montauk."

▶▶*In Brief*

COIN HARVEY of Arkansas says that what this country needs is a political party that would produce and maintain prosperity, and you ought to see Chairman Fess's face . . . . The twenty-fifth annual report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching denounces pension lobbying and says football fields should be taxed. It is probably slow-wittedness that keeps us from seeing just what these points have to do with the advancement of teaching . . . . Frank L. Smith of Illinois declares that Julius Rosenwald of Chicago offered him $500,000 if he would withdraw from his race for the Senate in 1926, but Mr. Rosenwald will have to go further than that if he wishes to be known as the country's greatest benefactor . . . . If misery really loves company Irving Fisher of Yale and Representative Bacharach of

International

ENJOINS THE NAVY
Representative Fred Britten of Illinois, who had the fleet sent to Montauk

New Jersey should be chums. It was Mr. Bacharach who predicted that the veterans would not borrow more than $350,000,000 under the new bonus measure. At this writing they had borrowed $819,982,850.21.

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Beer and Business

FOR the sake of relieving the depression, we said last week, let's legalize beer. But, it was promptly objected, there is no panacea for our economic ills in brewing. We know it. We do not say that brewing would be a panacea. We do say that it would be a palliative and no one has effectively denied it. We do not believe that it can be effectively denied. That is why all dry arguments in opposition—at least all that have come to our attention—have consistently dodged the main point—the economic one. The drys are defeated by their own testimony, as they evidently have sense enough to see. If the contentions advanced by the Anti-Saloon League during the War were right then, they are still right today when they are advanced for a diametrically opposite purpose. If, as the Anti-Saloon League asserted, vast quantities of labor and materials could be saved by closing the breweries in 1918, vast quantities of labor and materials can be absorbed by opening the breweries now. According to the Anti-Saloon League, in the year ending June 17, 1918, the breweries consumed 527,000 barrels of oil and gasoline, more than 3,600,000,000 cubic feet of gas, 69,000 cords of wood, 3,220,000 tons of coal requiring 180,000 freight cars to haul it, and so on. It is by using these figures, as well as Prohibition Bureau statistics indicating that if the breweries were opened today they would absorb at least 80,000,000 bushels of grain a year, that August A. Busch, president of Anheuser-Busch, Inc., of St. Louis, reaches his conclusion that the legalization of brewing would give work to 1,250,000 persons, yield the government $400,000,000 a year in taxes and do much to restore business stability.

WE BELIEVE that, substantially, he is right. Whether or not he exaggerates the advantages of re-legalized brewing makes little difference; one would scarcely expect him to underestimate them. Opening the breweries might improve business two per cent or ten per cent; no one really knows. But that it would improve business somewhat is beyond question. In effect it would take the place of that popular new invention creating a new industry which, economists assure us, would be one sure way of reanimating business. This is the primary reason for the position of the American Federation of Labor, which points out that reopened breweries would not only provide markets for goods and jobs for workers of themselves, but would send an "electrical thrill" through some sixty other industries as well. Moreover, in discussing the effect of re-legalized beer on the present economic situation, let it be recalled that the rise of a few per cent in business activity means the difference between bad business and good.

GRANTING, then, that legalized beer would be a palliative, what is there to be said against it? Nothing whatever, aside from the driest of the familiar dry arguments. No one but a cracker-dry prohibitionist can find anything against it at all. Every one but this same prohibitionist must admit that anti-prohibition sentiment is growing steadily and that beer is certain to be legalized sooner or later. Why not now, when it will do the most good? None of the evils so loudly and luridly associated with the open return of strong drink can be sensibly associated with the return of beer. The foaming tankard does not foster crime. It is still true, as in 1918, that "It is mighty difficult to get drunk on 2¾ per cent beer."

THAT quotation is from our most eminent prohibitionist, who would doubtless be reiterating his sentiments right now if there were no such thing as politics. We refer, of course, to Herbert Hoover, who made the statement as Food Administrator. Thirteen years ago, though you may have forgotten the fact, Mr. Hoover opposed the drys' proposal to close the breweries, pointing out that there was a vast supply of hard liquor in the country, that it would be consumed in place of beer if the breweries were shut down, and that the Food Administration refused to be responsible for the consequent "orgy of drunkenness." Conditions in 1931 are essentially similar to conditions in 1918. Then we were at war with armed forces; now we are at war with economic forces.

IN SHORT, with much to be said for it on economic grounds and nothing to be said against it on grounds of temperance or morality, the plan to legalize beer is an excellent one with which to measure your own wetness or dryness and the wetness or dryness of your Congressman. You need not believe it will prove a cure-all, for it won't. But if you oppose this modest proposal, you are unarguably a bone-dry prohibitionist—as dry as they make them—and must abandon all pretense of walking the middle of the road. If your Congressman opposes it, if he cares less about stimulating business than about the votes of the Anti-Saloon League, he is a bone-dry prohibitionist too. As such, whatever his party, he must be tipped out of office by the wet voters of his district.

FORTUNATELY there is reason to believe that he may be. Another rallying point for wet sentiment has come to the fore in the National Committee for Modification of the Volstead Act, recently formed by the American Federation of Labor. The Modification Committee is working to get out the wet vote for the elections of this fall and next, and its efforts, coupled with those of other wet organizations, promise no little success. We are glad to see that it is voicing the doctrine we have preached: "Wet-should-vote-wet-regardless - of - party." "Modification must be brought about through Congress," it says. "It will make no difference how large the popular majority may be for modification unless there is a modification majority in Congress. Those who believe in modification must vote for believers in modification." It is encouraging to see this position adopted by the American Federation of Labor. Now let's have a similarly strong and definite statement from the American Legion.

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Backstage in Washington

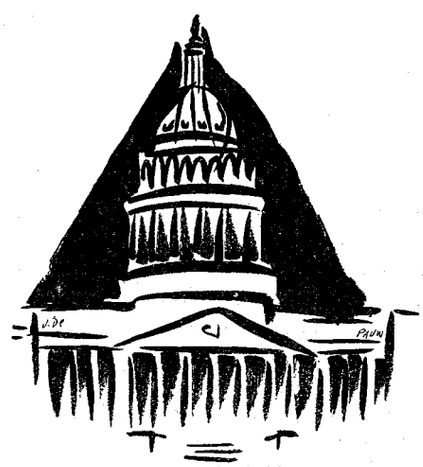
WASHINGTON, D. C.

SINCE the Hoover Administration has rarely shown much regard for the proprieties, we doubt if official notice will be taken of the comedy of sneers and errors which has been staged by high-ranking officers of the Army and Navy aviation services in recent weeks. We doubt if "Dave" Ingalls, Assistant Secretary of Navy and the Smart Aleck of sub-cabinet circles, will be rebuked for publicizing the fact that Secretary Hurley's best bombers were unable to sink the Mount Shasta in an hour's bombardment under the most favorable conditions. But Mr. Ingalls's sneering letter to Mr. Hurley has caused a great deal of comment here for the light it throws upon the two men, the two services, and, even more important, upon some of the basic reasons for the Administration's failure in this critical period. "Dave," of course, simply sought to retaliate for Secretary Hurley's slur at the inability of a navy destroyer to make contact with the vessel carrying Mr. Hoover home from his recent Porto Rico trip. Then again, the youthful Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who dotes on applause from the social galleries, saw in all this simply another means to get his name in the papers.

TO THE public the incident may have seemed no more than funny, and a pleasant relief from the grimness of an Administration which lacks humor and light-heartedness more than any other in recent history. There was, too, some basis for the Ingalls jibes. The Mount Shasta fiasco, in view of all the eulogies of our excellent progress in army aviation, was a damning indictment of this arm of our military machine. For fifty minutes our expert airmen rained bombs upon an immovable and defenseless hulk, but found their target only twice. Despite reports of adverse weather conditions, neutral observers say that circumstances were most favorable for an air attack. Nevertheless, when the airmen gave up, the vessel was still riding the water, and the dry navy had to be drafted for the job of sending it to the bottom. Mr. Hurley, now on a junket to the Philippines, could at least been spared the philippic by which a fellow time-server in the Administration revealed the army aviator's inefficiency to the world.

If the affair revealed Messrs. Hurley and Ingalls as smart young fellows quite incapable of a discreet silence, it also disclosed the existence of a lack of teamwork between the two organizations known to Washington for a long time, but little known to the general public. Between the two air forces, which are supposed to coöperate in time of war, there is a spirit of jealousy little short of destructive.

AS MR. INGALLS'S epistle showed, they never miss an opportunity to criticize one another. Perhaps the most notable instance occurred at the time Commander Richard Byrd of the Navy sailed across the North Pole. Army air officials openly scoffed at his claim that he had soared above the top of the world, maintaining that a check-up of his gasoline supply showed he did not make the mileage necessary for accomplishing the feat. In a service paper published by the Army Air Force the sneers were even more pointed. There were references to the distance to the Pole "as a Byrd flies" and other efforts to minimize the naval officer's achievement. Mr. Ingalls's branch, in its turn, finds cause for jubilation, as he has so clearly shown, in each failure of the Army, and seeks to make light of accomplishments by Mr. Hurley's airmen. The feat which the Navy has never stopped disparaging is the famous Maitland-Hegenberger hop from California to the Hawaiian Islands, the Ingalls groups always emphasizing that the flight was made over a "radio railroad," and that the airmen could not have deviated from their path if they had wanted to.



Such rivalry may be a healthy state of affairs, especially if it simply represents the efforts of enthusiastic and energetic young birdmen to outfly one another for God, for country and for Hurley or Ingalls. It is obvious, however, from the exchange of slurs between the two respective chiefs, that it represents a more significant cleavage. It gives point to the argument of Brigadier "Billy" Mitchell that the air services ought to be combined into a single operating unit. It also reveals, together with the Administration's failure to carry out the famous Morrow-Coffin program of air expansion, that it would have been much fairer treatment for General Mitchell if, instead of being cashiered for his criticism, he had been promoted.

LIKE Mr. Ingalls, Mr. Hurley has given the Capital no little merriment by his own indiscretions. His denunciation of the "character assassins paid to traduce the President" may have sounded fine to the public, but, coming from Mr. Hurley, it excited only laughter here. For the Secretary of War is one of the gentlest, if not timid, of men in dealing with the press and politicians. Instead of standing up to inquisitive interrogators, as he advised Mr. Hoover to do, the Secretary of War seeks their favor and flattery. A wealthy, genial, ambitious, handsome young fellow, Mr. Hurley always follows the line of least resistance. He is, indeed, more assertive in the drawing rooms than in the War Department, and, while he conducts cotillions, hard-boiled, hard-riding Generals run the Army.

As for his suggestion that Mr. Hoover take the offensive against "paid assassins of character," Mr. Hurley is the last person to offer such advice. For he is full of apologies and explanations when folk take exception to his denunciations, and the correspondents "ride" him even harder than any other Cabinet member. In fact, they have given him so much woe that for many months he has been on the lookout for a personal publicity agent to ballyhoo his achievements and bolster his ambition to become Vice-President. What Mr. Hurley wants—and needs—is a "paid architect of character."

A. F. C.

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▶▶ Why I Favor Repeal ◀◀

Samuel Vauclain Reveals Why He Opposes Prohibition

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

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Henry Ford's widely publicized views on what would happen to industrial efficiency if prohibition were repealed are not shared by all industrialists. Having heard that Mr. Vauclain of the Baldwin Locomotive Works had changed his mind about prohibition, the *Outlook* a few days ago asked him for his views and here they are set down by Mr. Pringle. An employer of thousands of men in normal times, Mr. Vauclain thinks that the speakeasy is worse than the old saloon and he is for the kind of repeal and control proposed by Dwight W. Morrow.

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International

"I WAS for prohibition when the Eighteenth Amendment was passed because I believed that it would do good," Samuel Matthews Vauclain, Chairman of the Board of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, told me a few days ago when I asked for his views.

"It has now been in effect for more than a decade and it has made many things possible. But prohibition has foisted bad things on the country and a majority of the intelligent people, I believe, feel that it must go.

"The Federal Government cannot enforce the Volstead Act. It cannot do so without the aid of the military, and to use the army and navy for such a purpose would bring down upon this country hardships worse than those of Russia."

Although he is seventy-five, Vauclain still gives the impression of rugged strength. His hair is white, but has not thinned. His shoulders are wide and bulky. The offices of the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Broad Street in Philadelphia are lined with photographs of locomotives built during past decades, many of them designed in the days when Vauclain was personally in command. Ordinarily he likes to talk about locomotives, which are the consuming interest of his life, and about the men who build them. He knows the peculiarities of both, their virtues and their occasional faults. In normal times his works employ about 12,000 men, and Mr. Vauclain has known the American workman for about sixty years, for he started as a shopman himself.

On other subjects, however, he is inclined to be phlegmatic. The head of the Baldwin works is not, I should guess, a pronounced liberal. He is a conservative industrialist, a life-long member of the Republican party, a friend of high tariffs, a believer in the doctrine that the destiny of the nation is most wisely controlled by the business men who are safe and sane and in whose judgment he has confidence. He has been criticized, in the past, for his attitude regarding union labor and his probable justification, if he has bothered to evolve one, is that he is the friend of the individual worker rather than the workingman in the mass. It is not, I think, unfair to say that his outlook on economic and social questions is roughly comparable to that of Mark Hanna, the adviser to McKinley and Roosevelt. I mean, of course, the Mark Hanna who really existed—not the caricature created by hostile newspapers.

Vauclain talks slowly, unless the subject is the vagaries of locomotives. I think that his views take shape slowly, also, and it is for this reason that more than a decade had to pass before he publicly expressed his belief that prohibition was not, after all, a success. On the other hand, he has never been an ardent dry and no data exists to show that he was at any time a friend of the Anti-Saloon League. He has expressed the idea that "what men do after they finish work is their own business, and they are entitled to recreation." If, at the time, he had analyzed the forces behind prohibition, he might have opposed them.

Few men, probably, are less given to illusions regarding the workingman—for he was one himself and for years was associated closely with labor in the Baldwin works. But Vauclain does not share the opinion expressed by Henry Ford that repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment will result in a disruption of industry. He knows that the laborer sometimes drank to excess in the days of the saloon and he believes that the prohibition amendment accomplished great good when it abolished the grog-shop. He has, however, no apprehension that the Monday morning lay-off, caused by carousing over the week-end, will be augmented if the Eighteenth Amendment is rescinded.

"The workingman hasn't changed," he said. "I never had very much trouble with him. If a man drank too much I reduced his pay so he couldn't afford to. The saloons were bad; no one denies that. But the speakeasies are worse, and in addition the men make liquor in their homes.

"I had a hammer man once," he recalled, "who used to drink a quart of Scotch a day. I thought it was bad and I asked my doctor about him. The doctor said that the liquor wouldn't hurt a man who did such heavy work all day, that the alcohol came out through the pores of the skin. It didn't hurt him, either."

In short, Vauclain felt that men must decide this question for themselves. As a young man he had smoked and had chewed tobacco. He probably took an infrequent drink. He abandoned all of these pleasures, however, in the interest of economy. As he grew older, he was interested in other subjects. But when prohibition seemed possible of accomplishment, he gave his tacit support. He was not alone in his belief, when it went into effect in January, 1920, that the results would be salutary. He did not foresee, and few did, the era of crime and corruption, of speakeasies and bootleggers, which lay ahead. His judgment today is that the amendment must be repealed and he believes that the proposal offered by Senator Dwight W. Morrow of New Jersey in May, 1930, is the most logical program for the future. How, asked Mr. Morrow, "can the control of the liquor traffic be divided between Federal and state governments in a way that will recognize the habits and sentiments and moral principles of people in the different parts of the country?" He advocated:

. . . . Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the substitution therefor of an amendment which will restore to the

(Continued on Page 530)

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Bridge—Recreation or Racket?

By EUDORA R. RICHARDSON

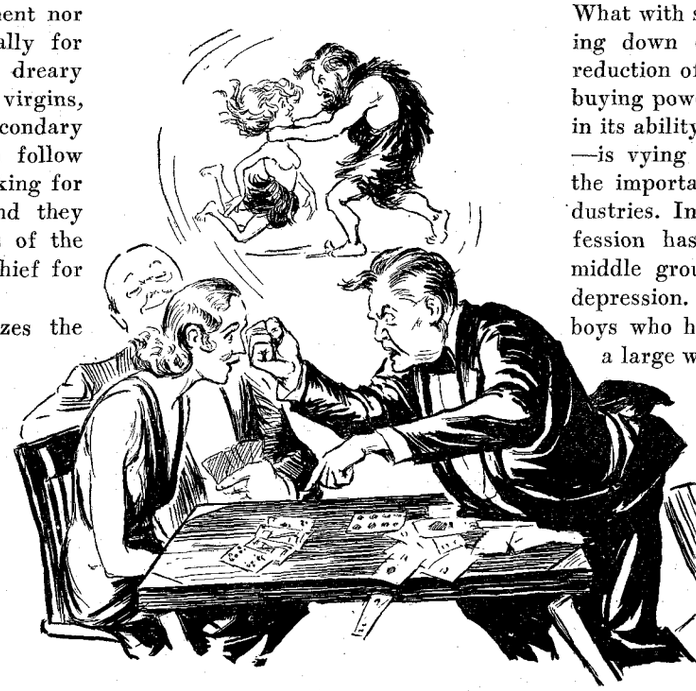
HIGHBROWS who ridicule bridge surely have not stopped to consider the excellent effect the great American indoor sport is having upon the country. It is giving occupation to women who would otherwise be idle; it is a substitute for conversation; it is the one topic that a hostess may safely introduce in any group of cultured Americans; it provides a peg upon which husbands and wives may hang their quarrels; it diverts the mind from the unpleasant processes of living; it is supplying large incomes for a few worthy gentlemen who have wearied of the law and other unremunerative professions; it is helping newspapers to fill their columns; it is giving themes to cartoonists and other joke hounds; it is furnishing many feminine pocketbooks with money that can be put to a number of good uses; and the game is just another furtherance of that lofty objective known as American standardization.

We have organized our society in such a way that upper class women over forty have nothing to do. What little education they received twenty years ago was intended to be ornamental and not at all utilitarian. If their husbands' earnings supply the necessities of life, women join the great army of the unemployed as soon as the last child no longer needs maternal ministrations. Their houses are electrically equipped. They realize that the ready-made product is cheaper than the one manufactured at home. Having discovered that a man's love is neither permanent nor all-satisfying, they look naturally for some way of filling the long, dreary hours. Some foolish wives and virgins, after disillusionment, turn to secondary romances; while wiser women follow in the footsteps of the French king for whom cards were invented and they succeed in thwarting the plans of the devil who is ready to find mischief for their idle hands.

No honest woman rationalizes the game in terms of self-improvement. The players are not thinking beyond the hour's absorption. They are not interested in the making of cerebral convolutions which can be put to no other use in their vapid program. They play bridge in order to play better bridge, not in order to become brainier wives and mothers or citizens who are fitted to grapple with problems of state. To them bridge is its own excuse for being and needs no other justification.

Women who acquire the middle-aged spread at the card table and men who thicken their waistline at the club in the afternoons and at home in the evenings realize perhaps only vaguely that bridge has relieved them of the tiresome necessity once involved in conversation—now happily a lost art among Americans. If speech were permitted about the hearth fire, there would always be the chance that some officious fool would distress the hostess by introducing world peace and disarmament or capitalism and unemployment or prison reform and juvenile delinquency as topics for discussion and thus embarrass guests who obviously have neither time to study such questions nor any personal interest in their solution. Now that bridge is second only to the depression in the public mind, the hostess can breathe freely during the most formal or the most intimate dinner, knowing that, after her cocktails have been served, prohibition will overcome depression and that concerning it there will be unanimity of opinion.

Bridge, moreover, is injecting spice into the lives of the long married. Love, which—despite all that can be said concerning its hypothetical possibilities of sublimation—is entirely biological, holds couples together for a short time without creating such community of interests as will furnish bases for intelligent conversation. Naturally, in the earlier years problems of child-training and discipline give married people something to talk about over the dinner table and by the fireside. After the children—now with astounding precocity—have taken matters in their own hands, evenings would drag interminably for the aging mother and father if it were not for bridge. The years have carried men and women along divergent paths, which frequently meet and cross and clash only at the card table. The bridge quarrel, the occasional bridge murder, as well as the rare praise that some brilliant play elicits from a life partner, are the only oases in many a marital desert. Couples who abuse each other during the game are reënacting the lovers' quarrels that once delighted their sadistic or masochistic souls.



"Couples who abuse each other during the game are reënacting the lovers' quarrels that once delighted their sadistic or masochistic souls"

EVEN before Colonial statesmen attempted to make the thought articulate, Americans were claiming their right to life and liberty and pursuing happiness by methods calculated to drug the mind and prevent realization that they were enduring the processes of living. The Puritan escaped life through channels of morbid religion, the Cavalier by means of anaesthetic conviviality. Bridge and bad liquor seem to be serving the higher uses of the moderns. Of the two methods of escape, it should be admitted that bridge is preferable.

It is the practical uses, however, to which the game is being put that should recommend it to censorious Americans. What with stock market losses, the closing down of factories, the wholesale reduction of salaries, and the decreased buying power of the populace, bridge—in its ability to care for the unemployed—is vying with bootlegging as one of the important and stable American industries. In the cities bridge as a profession has assisted members of the middle group to weather the business depression. Then there are the few big boys who have cornered the market in a large way. What a boon their books have been to the lagging publishing business. What a boon to the book sellers who cannot clear their shelves of less important literary productions than those that exposit bridge! How cleverly they change the rules for contract as soon as the playing public becomes familiar with one set of laws! Parisian stylists are

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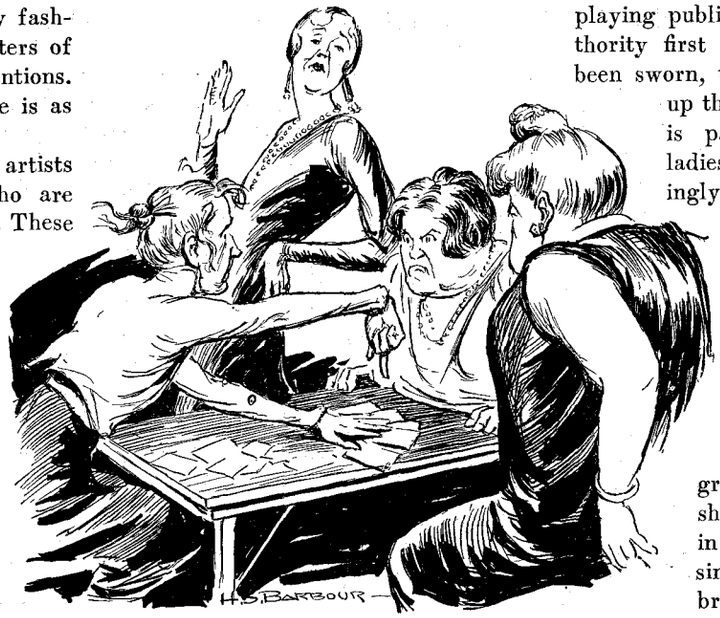
no more astute in contriving new fashions in clothes than are the masters of cards in inventing bridge conventions. Thus it is that last year's bridge is as out of date as last year's frock.

Pegging away far below the artists are the lesser professionals who are content to bask in reflected glory. These are they who compose the annual conventions, who achieve private or group instruction from the great, and who win certificates that bear the awe-inspiring signatures. In their native towns they advertise that they are teaching Work or Lenz or Culbertson or Whitehead or VanDamm or the methods of some other celebrity. Lawyers and clergymen adhere no more strictly to authority than they. For every rule and convention, they are able to cite glibly page and paragraph from their Holy Writ. By their speech are to be known the consultants of the four or five oracles. They follow the words from Delphi in major and minor matters—even to the extent of adhering to Doctor Work's meticulous use of the subjunctive mood.



"I have heard women who are quite decently inhibited in other relationships call each other, when playing bridge, names that once constituted grounds for the duel. Yet they continue the combat day after day without permanent resentment"

Capitalizing the game, stores employ instructors who attract prospective customers by courses of lectures given free or for a nominal charge. A woman who adds to pleasing personality certification from one of the authorities can now earn a very neat sum by giving private instruction and also by conducting classes held in daylight hours for women and at night for the contending couples. Some are able to support their husbands in enviable idleness. Some are educating their children or adequately meeting other financial emergencies. Having accomplished a measure of economic independence, all are conscious of elevation to the professional class, which at last stands in the social ladder several rungs above that of housewife.

The ladies who instruct should be congratulated upon their acquisition of high pressure tactics. They couldn't do better if they had taken courses in correspondence schools. Indeed, their methods do not differ greatly from those of any other expert salesman. Before you purchase an automobile, for instance, the dapper gentleman who attempts to get your name on the dotted line assures you that the car should last most of your remaining lifetime. A year later, however, he brings a new model and explains in detail the distressing obsolescence of the one in which you are riding. The bridge instructor, soliciting your patronage, assures you that contract can be mastered in six lessons. Two months later she calls you sweetly on the telephone to impart the news that her favorite prophet has just sent a great many new hints and a few stunning conventions of which you really must avail yourself. So the clever teacher, once having landed her fish, throws him overboard only to pull him in again and again. Her exigencies and the high priests', moreover, dovetail beautifully. When a great man writes a book or a pamphlet, expounding a new truth, the apostles have fresh themes to be used in missionary endeavor.

PERHAPS the bridge instructors are no more jealous of each other than are members of any other profession. There is really no reason, however, for their being jealous at all. It is easy to understand why real estate agents, general practitioners in medicine, lawyers and clergymen should claw at each other's throats, for the average person buys only one house for residential purposes, uses only one doctor for general ailments, appeals to the same lawyer in times of trouble, and joins just one church. In matters of bridge, however, his method is not so narrowly eclectic. One plays with many people as he moves about the world; therefore, if he desires to be considered well educated in bridge, he must be familiar with all the rules and signals in order that he may say wisely as he cuts for his partner, "Whose game are you playing today?"

Just as the cultured man speaks French in France and Spanish in Spain, so must he play Work with Work's devotees, Culbertson with Culbertson's, and so on through the brilliant galaxy. Consequently, from the entire bridge playing public, no matter to what authority first allegiance seems to have been sworn, the instructors may make up their list of prospects. So it is passing strange that the ladies should speak so disparagingly of each other. Still in extenuation it should be noted that the profession is young. Just as real estate agents at last coined the fine title *realtor* and began to meet in rousing conventions, so it may be that some day all the opposing groups in the great fellowship of bridge may convene in one body actuated by the single purpose of giving good bridge to the world. Perhaps under such a name as *contracteurs,* the ladies may achieve an *esprit de corps* worthy of their calling. Then it is possible that Mrs. Smith will no longer accuse Mrs. Jones of stealing her out-of-town engagements and Mrs. Jones will not feel sure that Mrs. Smith has solicited clients unethically.

In my defense of the game, I should like to subscribe to the current claim that bridge is teaching Americans better manners. Unfortunately, I can remember too well the violent repudiation of the nice whist parlance that was brought over from England. We had no time for such foolishness as "Partner, may I play to spades?" and the gracious rejoinder "Pray do." Not so long ago I sat in a game with an Englishwoman who inquired politely when the player opposite her failed to follow, "No trumps, partner?" "Well, if I had one," snapped the American woman, "why in the devil do you think I didn't play it?"

No, our bridge manners are not so good. Still, we have learned to accept insults at the bridge table and not to harbor them. Husbands and wives are by no means the only people who fight over cards—everybody fights. I have heard women who are quite decently inhibited in other relationships call each other, when playing bridge, names that once constituted grounds for the duel. Yet they continue the combat day after day without permanent resentment.

Bridge may not be training the mind to grapple with life problems, but it is aiding the memory. Amazingly, players remember their own skilful plays and their partners' errors. Days later the narrative omits no essential details. Of course I am not sure that memories of the kind that bridge develops are of any great value to the world. On

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Crossing the Color Line

By CALEB JOHNSON

It is estimated that nearly 10,000 persons of fractional Negro ancestry each year "cross the color line" from Negro to white society. The Negroes call them "passers." Some of them are octoroons; others are "mustifees," the offspring of an octoroon and a white person and actually and legally white. Contrary to general impression, white ancestry is the dominant strain, as the author points out here in reporting the scientific investigations of Dr. Davenport of the Carnegie Institution.

ONE out of every ten persons in the United States bears the visible tinge of the "tar brush," according to the last Federal Census. No statistics are available, naturally, of the number of persons who do not acknowledge their Negro ancestry but pass for white in their home communities and elsewhere, but it is a large and rapidly increasing number.

Crossing the color line is so common an occurrence that the Negroes have their own well-understood word for it. They call it "passing." It is less and less difficult for the young man or woman of African descent, whose skin, hair and features are not decidedly Negroid, to "pass" without fear of detection. The "passer's" Negro relatives and friends can be relied upon not to give the "passer" away. Their attitude is that it is a good joke on the white folks; coupled with this there seems to be a sense of pride that one of their race has achieved the social equality denied to themselves.

In New York, where only one person out of thirty-four is an acknowledged Negro, it is a matter of common repute among the colored folks of Harlem that more than ten thousand of their number have "passed," and are now accepted as white in their new relations, many of them married to white folks, all unsuspected. In Chicago, with a Negro population of one in twenty, and in Philadelphia, where one in thirteen is a Negro, the proportion of annual "passings" is said to be even larger.

The mating of white with black in America has, of course, been going on since the first cargo of African slaves was brought to this country, nearly three hundred years ago. These matings, always illicit in the South and usually illicit in the North, even where the marriage of white and Negro is legal, have so diluted the Negro strain that the Federal Government, since the Census of 1890, has given up the effort to distinguish between Negroes of pure African descent and those with an admixture of white blood; all who are regarded in their home communities as having a Negro strain are classified as such. At least one third of all the Negroes in America today have a strain of white blood, according to Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, foremost of Negro "intellectuals." This includes the "Black Belt" of the South, where in such states as Mississippi and South Carolina more than half the entire population is Negro, as well as the "all-white" states of the North, of which North Dakota, with only one Negro to 1,371 population, is the whitest.

Brown Bros.

THE LATE BOOKER T. WASHINGTON
Great Negro educator, who had a fraction of white ancestry and had in his Tuskegee Institute students of fractional Negro blood who could have "passed" as white persons

Scientific investigations by the Carnegie Institution of Washington have thrown new light on the results of the mating of white with Negro or part Negro, and have set at rest some of the popular misconceptions about these mixed relations. The belief that the white-and-black hybrid is less fecund than either pure white or pure black is regarded as incorrect by the Carnegie investigators, who present evidence to the contrary in an imposing list of very large families, offspring of two mulattoes, mulatto and Negro, mulatto and quadroon, and the like. This theory (that the Negro race will eventually die out from infertility because of the increasing white mixture) seems to be based on a false analogy between the human white-Negro hybrid, the mulatto, and the ass-horse hybrid, the mule, notoriously sterile, and it has been cherished by many who believed that by such a dying-out process alone will the Negro problem be solved.

The results of this scientific investigation indicate that the Negro race is not dying out from infertility but is bleaching out through admixture with the white race. The white strain is the dominant one, and this fact has a direct bearing upon the increasing number of Negroes with three-quarters or more of white blood who "pass" every year and marry into white families.

This is, as the report of the Carnegie investigators puts it, "a matter of great social moment to hundreds of our citizens, namely the possibility of a reversion in the offspring of a white-skinned descendant of a Negro to the brown skin color. There is a current opinion that such an extracted white, married to a pure-bred white, may have a black child. This tradition has been used to create dramatic situations in novels and in newspaper stories; and the dread of this tradition hangs over many a marriage that might otherwise be quite happy. In our studies no clear case of this sort has been found and our fundamental hypothesis leads us not to expect it." And, in another place: "It follows from our studies that persons of African descent whose skin color contains ten per cent or less of black pigment will, if mated with a like person, produce only white-skinned children .... Such persons constitute 'fixed white.'"

These are, indeed, facts of great social moment, not only to the man or woman who "passes" but to the white society into which he or she passes. The fear of becoming the parent of a distinctively Negro child is all that keeps many young octoroons of both sexes from crossing the color-line matrimonially; the same fear keeps many young white men from marrying young women to whom they are strongly attracted but who, they have reason to suspect, have a strain of Negro blood. The general realization that such "throw-backs" are biologically impossible when one of the mates is pure white and the other has no more than one-eighth Negro blood will certainly tend to accelerate the process of "passing."

While there are no statistics to sup-

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port the conclusion, there is strong reason for the belief that many more women than men cross the color line from Negro to white. This is partly due to the fact that sexual attraction is stronger between the light male and the darker female than in the opposite direction. It is a matter commented on by numerous scientific observers, who agree that the male Negro almost universally prefers a woman of his own color or darker, while the primitive sex-appeal of the octoroon girl is highly potent with the average young white male. Moreover, the social act of "passing" is easier for the girl than for the man.

As a rule, a young octoroon girl finds more opportunity to study the ways of white folks, observe their intimate personal habits, learn to speak and act as they do, than does the young colored man no darker than his near-white sister. The girl's opportunity comes through domestic service, as cook, nursemaid or in some other intimate household capacity. And, if she is not too scrupulous, she can always find a man who will assist her financially in her step across the color line. The farther she goes from the community in which she is known as colored, the less likely is she to be discovered and denounced by some white person who knows her.

Quite recently, at a dinner dance at a fashionable New York hotel, at which most of the guests were in or near the Social Register, one of the men fancied there was something familiar in the appearance of one of the young women, an especially attractive demi-blonde. When he met her she seemed to be greatly agitated, but it was not until she drew him aside and piteously begged him not to give her away that he recognized her as his mother's former personal maid! Although he knew she had been classed as a Negress in his home town, several hundred miles from New York, he promised to say nothing, and kept his promise. She married a wealthy young man.

Only one or two white persons and fewer than a dozen Negroes know that one of our popular actresses is of Negro descent. Whenever she has the opportunity she goes home to visit her parents, who are not quite free enough of Negroid characteristics to pass for white. She began her theatrical career in a dressing room, and picked up from her theatrical surroundings a knowledge of stagecraft. She has never married, and perhaps wisely, for the lines of her pedigree are still too close to Africa to give assurance that some of her children would not be black.

One of the facts learned by the Carnegie Institution scientists is that the

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RICHARD B. HARRISON

An actor of part Negro ancestry whose portrayal of the part of the Lord in "Green Pastures" has won him more than fleeting renown

children of two mulattoes may be either white or black. A mulatto is the product of the first cross between pure white and pure black. The child of a mulatto and a white person is a quadroon. When the quadroon mates with white, the offspring is designated as an octoroon. The majority of octoroons can pass for white; they all have white skins, but in some cases the character of the hair and the shape of the lips and nose betray them. But when octoroon again mates with white, the offspring, known in the West Indies as a "mustifee," is always white. In fact, the legal ban against marriage between white and Negro vanishes, even in Florida, in the case of the mustifee, who is not only biologically "fixed white" but is legally white.

Within these five degrees between pure Negro and the mustifee, innumerable crosses are possible, some of which may and frequently do result in children darker than either parent, as when a quadroon marries a quadroon. They are more likely to have white children than black, but "throwbacks" do occur.

Somewhere in the United States, if they are still alive, are two persons, a man and a woman, brother and sister, who have always been known as pure white and who do not themselves know that they are not of the oldest and purest New England Puritan strain. They are the son and daughter of two quadroons, the story of whose sacrifice for their children's sake was told me many years ago by an elderly statesman, now dead. This is the story as he told it to me:

In the dark days of Reconstruction, immediately after the war between the states, when the "carpet-bag" governments were running riot in the South, the men who had fought in the Confederate Army were barred from the ballot box and the newly freed Negroes were encouraged to vote, many Negroes were sent to the United States Congress. Among them was Blanche K. Bruce, a highly intelligent quadroon from New Orleans. After his short term in Congress, Bruce was appointed by President Grant to the post which, in Republican administrations, is always occupied by a Negro, and in Democratic administrations by an Indian—the post of Register of the Treasury. He held that position until the first Cleveland administration.

My friend who told me this story had known Bruce in Congress, had great respect for his ability and character, and befriended him in many ways. One day he met Bruce, who seemed distraught. My friend asked him if there was anything he could do for him as he seemed to be in trouble.

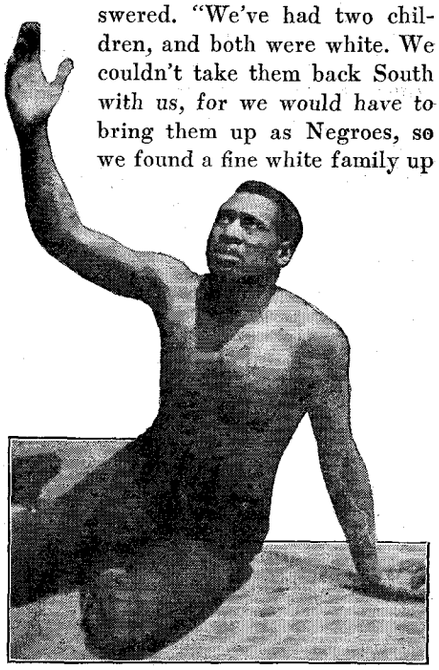
"Nothing that anybody can do," replied Bruce. "I wouldn't tell anybody but you what is worrying me, but I must talk to somebody. My wife is about to become a mother."

"Why, that's nothing to worry about," replied my friend, in surprise.

"Not for white folks, nor for black ones," was Bruce's response, "but we're both quadroons, and it's something to worry about when you don't know whether your baby is going to be white or black."

"Which do you want?" my friend asked.

"For the baby's sake, we hope it will be white; but for my wife's sake I hope to God it will be black," Bruce answered. "We've had two children, and both were white. We couldn't take them back South with us, for we would have to bring them up as Negroes, so we found a fine white family up



A GREAT NEGRO ARTIST

Admired and even envied for his great talents, Paul Robeson was the star of Eugene O'Neill's play "Emperor Jones." He is both actor and singer

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in Massachusetts that adopted them when they were so little they didn't know the difference. They have another name and they never will know these white folks aren't their real parents. I've provided for them, so they are no burden on their foster parents. But it almost killed my wife each time she had to give her baby away. I think she'll go crazy if this one is white, so I'm praying every night that it will be black, so she can have a baby to keep for her own."

A short time later Bruce lost his position in Washington, and it was years before my friend saw him again and learned the sequel to the story.

"I met Bruce on a steamship, coming from Europe," said my friend. "I reminded him of our last conversation and asked him whether the child was white or black. 'Black, thank God!' Bruce replied. 'We had a boy that we could keep.'

"'What did you do with him?' I asked.

"'I sent him and his mother to France,' said Bruce. 'We were both slaves in an old French family in New Orleans, so the language was familiar to us; and over in Paris they don't draw the color line, like they do in America. I've just been over to see him take his degree in medicine at the Sorbonne.'"

That was all that my old friend told me, but it came back to my memory a few weeks ago when another friend, just returned from Paris, told me of a Negro physician with a wonderful practice, whom the French people seemed to take as a matter of course, as they had taken Alexander Dumas, the great novelist, also of Negro descent.

Where the successive infusions of white blood have been chiefly from the blond Nordic stock, even the third generation from the pure black Negro is practically certain to be not only white but blond, often without that most persistent trace of Negro ancestry, curly hair.

A few years ago I visited Booker T. Washington's famous school at Tuskegee, Alabama. Watching the fifteen hundred Negro students, of every shade from coal black through all the degrees of brown and yellow, as they filed into the Assembly Hall one morning, my attention was caught by a boy of eighteen or so in whom I could not detect a single trace of Negro pedigree. He was a slender, handsome blond, whose high-bridged nose and distinctive bearing seemed to hark back to England.

"What is that boy doing here?" I asked Dr. Washington, whose own blue eyes and saddle-colored skin betokened his large percentage of white blood.

"Wait until the girls come along and you'll see his sister," was his reply. And the golden-haired, blue-eyed beauty of sixteen was well worth waiting to see. She was not merely pretty. There was high intelligence in her expression and a poised dignity in her carriage which would have made her the center of attention even if her companions had been the pupils of the most fashionable girl's school in the North, instead of the Negroes with whom she was laughing and chatting.

"Who are they?" I asked the principal.

"They are the children of a wealthy planter, who lives not many miles from here," replied Dr. Washington. "He is devoted to their mother, but he cannot legally marry her, for she is a quadroon. These children are the apple of his eye. But being octoroons they cannot enter any white school in the South, and he cannot take them North, to be brought up as white, without breaking up his family; for their mother is readily recognizable as of Negro blood. So he brought them here to me, as being the only place where they could receive a good education. He frequently visits them, and is more solicitous for their comfort and character than most parents are."

"What will become of them when they grow up?" I pursued. "I can't imagine either of them voluntarily choosing to remain in the Negro classification."

"Nor I," he responded, "particularly as it seems to be the highest ambition of most of the people of my race to be as much like white folks as possible. I suppose they will go North, eventually, and 'pass,' as so many do."

Then the famous Negro educator told me of scores of similar cases, of white men, leaders in politics, in business and the professions, whose illegitimate Negro families were often more dear to them than their legitimate white offspring, and whose descendants have "passed" and sometimes won renown as white folks. There were governors and statesmen of national repute among the names he mentioned. There was the story of the grandson of Charles Manley, a famous governor of North Carolina, who "passed" in order to obtain work in Philadelphia, lived for years as a white man, prominent in public affairs, then went back to his own people for love of his Negro wife and children!

"A good many colored folks that try to be white find that it isn't as pleasant as they imagined it would be," said Dr. Washington, chuckling. "White folks don't really have a good time, from the Negro point of view. They lack the laughing, boisterous sociability which the Negro enjoys."

The social problems involved in the mingling of white and black—miscegenation, as it is technically termed—formerly concerned only the South; now, with the influx of Negroes into the North until cities like New York, Chicago and Philadelphia have colonies numbering hundreds of thousands, they are a matter of national concern. In Chicago, with its headquarters in the heart of the great Negro district of the South Side, is a rather loose organization calling itself the Manasseh Society, composed of white men with Negro wives and white women with Negro husbands. They have no social relations with either their all-white or their all-black neighbors, but find their social *divertissements* among their own number. I was told by one of the members of the Manasseh Society that there are more than twenty thousand mixed couples in its ranks. Its name, he explained, is derived from the Biblical character, Manasseh, the first-born of Joseph and the Egyptian woman, Asenath. It is the Negro tradition that Manasseh was a mulatto, and that for that reason his grandfather Jacob gave his younger brother Ephraim the preference in the allotment of lands and goods.

The children of such unions as those of members of the Manasseh Society, and their grandchildren, are certain to number a high proportion who will eventually "pass." Born and educated in the North, they will have less difficulty in adjusting themselves to white folks' ways of life than does the perhaps even whiter Negro who comes from the South to try his or her luck at "passing." And in a country like ours, where everybody is free to move a thousand miles over-

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Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of August 22, 1951

The Anti-Noise-on-the-Farm League announced that it will include in its 1952 program for 1952 the muffling of ensilage choppers, the severing of the vocal cords of poultry, and the de-oinking of hogs.

The Outlook Travel Bureau listed this week four air-lines which are offering week-end New York and Paris tours at prices ranging from $105 to $148.

"It is a scandalous waste of money for a girl stenographer, receiving twenty dollars a week," the Dorothy Dix Syndicate, Inc., declared last Monday, "to spend several dollars a week on cigarettes with colored smoke to match or contrast with the color of each of her dresses."

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Tale of Two Cities—1931

By HIRAM MOTHERWELL

IN THE age-long duel between Paris and London, Paris at last aims a thrust at a mortal spot.

Gold is a curious thing. Supposed to be the most precious of all substances which exist in any quantity, when there is plenty of it nobody wants it. But when there is a supposed shortage, people cannot get it too quickly.

A few weeks ago great loads of golden bars were being rushed across the English Channel by airplane. Train and boat, requiring eight hours in transit, were not fast enough to suit the Paris banks. In eleven days $155,000,000 of the metal was withdrawn from the Bank of England ($68,000,000 of it within the space of three days), and was shipped chiefly to Paris.

Why this sudden nervousness about the Rock of Gibraltar? "Solid as the Bank of England" has for decades been a household word. Is there suddenly reason to believe that the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street cannot pay her debts? No. The nervousness of Paris is not financial. It is political.

These withdrawals are, in fact (though the French government can never officially admit it), a blow in the age-long duel between the two cities, a threat more mortal than that of Napoleon when he assembled his armies and his transports around Boulogne, for the entire British navy is helpless to parry the thrust.

It is conventional to assume that France and England are natural allies, associated in the work of enforcing the Treaty of Versailles, which they fought together to achieve. But contemporary European politics are incomprehensible unless one understands that the primary conflict is not between France and Germany, or even between France and Italy, but between France and England. For this is the very first principle of French foreign policy, maintained without deviation through the centuries: An enemy is a potential ally; an ally is a potential enemy. It sounds paradoxical, but it is paradoxical only to those who do not properly appreciate the famous "logical" quality of the French mind. For a defeated enemy needs your friendship, while a successful ally becomes a dangerous rival.

London and Paris are not natural allies, but natural rivals. Though only eight hours distant by rail and boat, and only two hours or less distant by plane, they are as far apart as two social and economic poles. England, which raises but a quarter of her food supply and lives by foreign trade; France, which feeds herself and imports only such luxuries as she fancies. England, which pours out her surplus earnings in stocks and capital investments abroad; France, which takes pennies from the peasants' stockings and invests them in safe bonds. England, immune from attack and supreme at sea; France, vulnerable to attack and supreme on the land. In every economic and political respect the two adjacent capitals, London and Paris, are as different as is humanly conceivable.

And how they have fought each other for centuries! Most of the major wars on the Continent for the past three centuries have had England and France either as the primary antagonists or the primary wirepullers. It was but an incident in history that they united for a moment in the War of 1914. Throughout that War, as General Gough's memoirs have just revealed, the French considered the English rather as invaders than as allies; they actually framed their military policy to prevent England from retaining control of the Channel ports.

After the War the rivalry became intense. It was compromised at Versailles by permitting England to remain supreme at sea (acquiring the entire German navy) and France supreme on the Continent. Clemenceau's Continental System has already lasted longer than Napoleon's. But this compromise—the best that could be obtained between rival "allies"—was but the intensification of the age-old conflict. England retained control of the sea; France control of the land. But England's traditional policy had been to prevent any one power becoming supreme on the Continent; and France's traditional policy had been to prevent England from interfering on the Continent. (Note to League of Nations enthusiasts: The institution of a League of Nations office at Geneva did not alter these policies in the slightest degree.)

Soon after the end of the War Great Britain's foreign policy became definitely pro-German. It sought to protect Germany from the worst humiliations which France wished to impose upon her; in other words, to build up Germany as a counterpoise to France on the Continent. France sought to balk Britain and complete her Continental supremacy by making Germany her serf. So the ancient duel between the two cities was again fought out (as it had been repeatedly in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries) on German soil.

France sought to annex German heavy industry by the invasion of the Ruhr. England resisted by all diplomatic and economic means at her command—and won. France's capture of the Ruhr was a success as complete as that of Napoleon's capture of Moscow. French blast furnaces went cold for lack of Ruhr coal, and the French franc began a new decline. Germany commenced a period of formidable industrial prosperity. It was England's round.

POINCARE, genius of the Ruhr disaster, defeated but undaunted, trained for a comeback. A "bankers' politician," he engineered a spectacular "flight from the franc" which caused the entire country to demand that he rescue it. This he did by mobilizing the famous French stocking, and in an amazingly short space of time France, having few uncovered commercial commitments abroad, became as strong financially as Germany was industrially. English policy, under Austen Chamberlain, became pro-French. This round was a draw.

It was Germany's turn now. She received from the outside world in loans a total of more than two billion dollars—a billion and a half of it from the United States. Defeated, impoverished Germany was evidently a going concern. England did not object. France bided her time.

Then came the depression. Loans suddenly became pressing liabilities, and in due time the *Creditenanstalt* in Vienna tottered. Meanwhile, the German and Austrian governments had announced their preliminary agreement to a *Zollverein*, a complete abolition of customs barriers between each other. It was such a *Zollverein* which had laid the foundation for the German Empire which

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Why I Favor Repeal

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states the power to determine their policy toward the liquor traffic, and vest in the Federal Government power to give all possible protection and assistance to those states that desire complete prohibition against invasion from the states that do not . . . .

Like Mr. Vauclain, Senator Morrow insisted, of course, that the return of the saloon would never be tolerated.

"Certain modifications may be necessary," Vauclain said, "but in its general outline I favor the plan for repeal offered by Senator Morrow. It provides that the states that desire prohibition can have it. They are offered the protection of the Federal Government against importation from the wet states. Prohibition, as it now stands, has not worked and cannot work. I was for it because it abolished the saloons and the grogshops. Instead, our cities and even the country districts have speakeasies. The bootlegger is getting the revenue which should, in part, go to the government."

Mr. Vauclain then explained that he had no moral feeling regarding drinking. He recalled an occasion some months ago when a man called at his office and offered to sell him some particularly fine "imported stock."

"I saw him," he said, "and told him that I didn't want any. He reminded me that his visit had been 'confidential' and I replied that I had not the slightest intention of telling anyone why he had come or his name. I said that I didn't propose to do the work of the government. If he chose to violate the law, that was his own business and he could take the risk of being caught. I told him, also, that I didn't think he was much worse than other people who violated any of a thousand other laws."

A SUPPORTER of Coolidge in 1924, when he contributed to the G. O. P. campaign fund, and of President Hoover in 1928, Mr. Vauclain has really been identified with the prohibition question only to the indirect extent that these two candidates, as well as their party, were dry. He was somewhat unfairly connected with this highly controversial issue some years ago, however. On May 18, 1924, the occasion of his sixty-eighth birthday, he was traveling through one of the Southern states in company with several other officials of the Baldwin Locomotive Works. Somehow, the conversation veered around to prohibition and, perhaps, to the difficulty of resisting liquor in an age when every host pressed it upon his guests. Vauclain thereupon offered to post a pledge that he would not take a drink for a year. He agreed to forfeit $10,000 if he broke the agreement and the other members of the party said they would each give up $1,000 under a similar arrangement. The agreement got into the newspapers and the resulting publicity was somewhat distasteful to the head of the Baldwin Locomotive Works. Prohibition enthusiasts hailed it as a triumph. Whenever he appeared in public, Vauclain was asked whether he had yet violated his pledge. In May, 1925, a year having passed, he revealed that it had been kept.

"The funny thing was," Vauclain explained, "that I rarely took a drink even before the pledge was given."

The head of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, which in normal times employs close to 12,000 men, has been in close touch with the American laboring man for almost sixty years. Now seventy-five years old, Mr. Vauclain started his career at sixteen in the shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Altoona, Pa. Before him, his father had been associated with M. W. Baldwin, founder of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and the son's earliest recollections are of roundhouses and repair shops of the various railroads on which the elder Vauclain worked.

"Sammy" Vauclain's first important inheritance was physical strength. He was over six feet tall, and heavily built. His arms were massive. He was able to accomplish tasks, before he was twenty, that were beyond the capacity of men in their prime, and his contact with the workmen was intimate and constant. He has maintained this close relationship throughout the years; as superintendent of the works, as President, as Chairman of the Board. Therefore he may be considered as an authority on the American workingman.

This Week's Contributors

Henry F. Pringle is one of the editors of OUTLOOK, and an author of biographies.

Eudora Ramsay Richardson taught English in college and took up magazine writing after earning a post-graduate degree at Columbia.

Hiram Motherwell is a former foreign correspondent and magazine editor.

Caleb Johnson is a Southerner and has held many high posts in the newspaper and magazine business.

Bridge—Recreation or Racket?

(Continued from Page 525)

the other hand I am ready to admit that they are rich in conversational material.

I wish, moreover, that I could write convincingly upon the good sportsmanship that cards are supposed to engender. Though personal experience is not a good basis from which to make generalizations, it is frequently our only means of drawing conclusions. So, with the preliminary apology, I can hazard the statement that I know very few good losers at bridge, and that the men who are beaten at the game pout for a longer time than the women. Most of the winners of my acquaintance are given to gloating—in this respect also, men being more culpable than women. A great many people insist that they don't mind losing. Yet their actions belie their words.

WITH all that can be said in defense of bridge and the little that can be advanced against it—the word bridge these days connotes contract—one criticism is rife: the game has not yet been completely standardized. Now that the playing public has almost reached unanimity in its demand, relief is in sight for the laity and gloom hovers about professional circles. It is the old story of vested rights against popular demands. Technically the people will win. Since contract has been adopted as our national indoor sport, like all other American institutions it must yield to standardization. The powers, however, will find a way to aid the processes of evolution, which have carried the ancient game from squabbles to whist and on to bridge whist, auction, and contract. Now that we have learned to commercialize our sports as effectively as we have commercialized our emotions there is no danger that bridge playing will ever again fall into the amateur classification.

Luckily, Americans do not fear the feeble ridicule of highbrows. Because we know that bridge is worth all the concentration it demands and because it makes us forget that life is cruel and carking, thus providing the anaesthesia we crave, we shall continue to play our game with fierce and unrelenting devotion.

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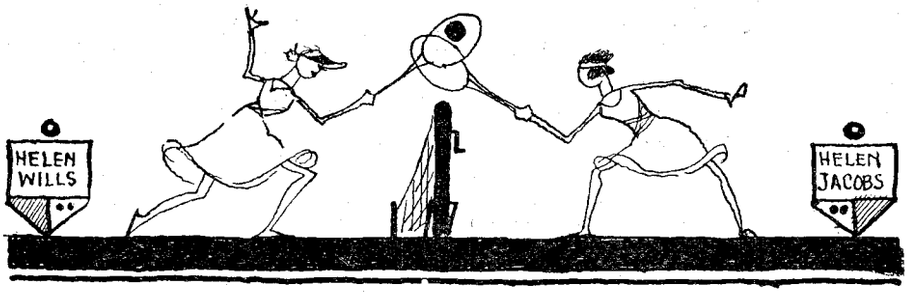
The Spotlight on Sports



Moody-Jacobs Feud

MAN'S inhumanity to man is a pale and pallid thing when stacked against feminine antagonisms on tennis court and golf links. If you watch the girls trading drives and volleys at Forest Hills this week, you'll note an undercurrent of venom that is rarely evident when man meets man in the same concrete horseshoe.

Speaking generally, the ladies find it hard to be gentlemen on the tennis court. This absence of hypocrisy seems refreshing to one fed up on the forced amenities and pseudo-gallantry known as "masculine sportsmanship." Women don't make obeisance to the synthetic dictates of that unwritten code. They aren't shackled by the inhibitions which male competitors have inherited from years of what English schoolboys call "playing the game." The ladies make little effort to suppress personal grudges on the field of honor.

For sheer tigerish ferocity no tennis match between men that I ever saw could touch the savage duels which Molla Bjerstedt Mallory waged with Elizabeth Ryan and Suzanne Lenglen on the Forest Hills turf. Mrs. Mallory had been snubbed by Miss Ryan at Wimbledon when the former suggested a doubles alliance.

"I always team with Suzanne," was Miss Ryan's frigid rejoinder. Mrs. Mallory remembered this incident when she faced Miss Ryan in the American finals a year later. A ruthless ferocity worthy of the Stone age flavored that match. Lips were drawn back in a grim, sardonic sneer. Venom rode on every forehand clout. A smileless, perfunctory handclasp punctuated that affair.

You recall, too, the afternoon that Mlle. Lenglen, coughing ostentatiously, beat a forced retreat to the locker room rather than submit to a straight set trouncing at Mrs. Mallory's sun-bronzed hands. How sweet was the taste of revenge when the French girl sipped it the following summer! Did La Belle Suzanne whisper magnanimously, "Well, that makes one match apiece for us," as she advanced to receive the loser's handshake? Nothing of the kind. What Mlle. Lenglen did say was, "You see, my dear, this proves that I really was ill when I defaulted to you last summer!"

America's two top-ranking players—Mrs. Moody and Miss Jacobs—have a little feud of their own, a less acrimonious but no less deep-seated tiff than the vendettas touched on above. It is no secret that the two Helens don't exactly love one another.

Bearing Down

MRS. MOODY'S friends intimate that their idol resents what she construes as a studied attempt by Miss Jacobs to copy the champion's dress, strokes and mannerisms. To a woman, the first part of that indictment constitutes an unforgivable sin. Whether intentionally or not, Miss Jacobs has patterned her tennis career and accoutrements (even to the white eyeshade) after that of Mrs. Moody. Helen the second took lessons from the same professional who polished the former Miss Wills' strokes; she entered the same university and took the same courses. Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but Mrs. Moody obviously didn't relish this intrusion upon her own tennis individuality.

Against Miss Jacobs it is noticeable that Mrs. Moody "bears down," to employ baseball argot, with a vehemence that is missing against other rivals. You sense that she means to blast Miss Jacobs off the court without any preliminary flourishes. While never particularly merciful to opponents (there is no reason why she should be), Mrs. Moody reserves the stark fury of her powerful game for Miss Jacobs's discomfiture. This vindictiveness was evident at Seabright when the Great Moody humiliated her prospective successor without the loss of a game!

Few tennis top-notchers subject an adversary of the same general class to a 6-0, 6-0 trouncing even if it lies within their power to apply the whitewash brush. It is customary to temper the sting by letting one or two games slide—not blatantly, you understand, for that would add insult to injury.

Mark this. Miss Jacobs defeated both England's number one and two players handily in the Wightman Series, yet Miss Nuthall and Miss Mudford won a generous share of games from Mrs. Moody. The world's champion didn't go all out to bury her British adversaries. She was serious but not relentless. It appears that the coldly impersonal queen of the courts can work herself up to a good old-fashioned "mad" only when Miss Jacobs is the party of the second part.

Wild horses couldn't drag such an admission from the self-contained, repressed Mrs. Moody. Miss Jacobs, equally reticent, has let slip just one hint of how she feels toward the champion. Tennis reporters, interviewing Miss Jacobs on her return from London, asked: "Do you care to comment on a possible meeting with Mrs. Moody?" "Nothing to say," was her curt reply.

"All right," said the news seekers. "We'll fix up something. We'll put it that you're satisfied with your game and that you look forward to a fine match with Mrs. Moody. We will be very careful to make it nice."

"Yes," said Miss Jacobs. "Well, I've only one suggestion—don't make it too nice."

Leonard's Come-Back

BENNY LEONARD, once king of the lightweights, threatens to come back. When he retired as undefeated champion of his class some years ago he issued a statement calculated to make the maudlin "mammy crooners" of Tinpan Alley green with envy. Unlike Cicotte of "Black Sox" infamy, Benny didn't do it "for the wife and kids." He left the ring for his "dear old mother." That sounds like the cue for a song and dance.

Leonard mère, it seems, used to worry herself sick on the nights her son was scheduled to fight—afraid he might get hurt. She didn't have as much faith in Benny's mastery of what our English cousins call "the art of self-defense" as boxing critics did. When Benny fought, somebody else's son got his features mussed. Leonard was proud of his looks; took good care to see that he escaped a cauliflower ear, blackened eye or camel hump nose—the badges of his fraternity.

"The shock of another fight might kill my dear old mother," read Leonard's farewell address in part, "so I am hanging up my gloves for keeps."

Benny was a rich man when he penned those lines. He had grown billowy about the waist and couldn't make the light-

(Continued on Page 534)

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The Week in Business

Still Spotty

THE map of general business continues to follow a patchwork pattern. Among the bright spots are the Richmond and Atlanta markets, where retail trade has pulled itself out of the hot weather slump. Chicago, which has had good retail sales during most of the summer, has been busy supplying its sisters, its cousins and its aunts with the new and perky styles in headgear.

In production there is little change from last week. Steel and the motors are still asleep. But the shoe manufacturers in both the eastern and St. Louis centers are moving along on full schedules and the textile plants in both North and South are making good headway.

The best news of the week is to be found in definite progress toward the solution of some of our most puzzling business problems. The copper producers have decided to make another attempt to curb output. Leading oil men consider the oil-and-gas conservation law passed by the Texas legislature a real help to stabilization of the petroleum industry, and the radio patent mess appears to be clearing.

Another favorable factor is improvement in the situation in Cuba. Our stake there is large, as we have provided $1,500,000,000 of a total of $1,800,000,000 of foreign capital invested in the island. The political disturbances, however, seem not to have worried our investors much. Cuban bond prices have held fairly steady, and business appears to have accepted the Washington view of the situation, which is that the worst of the Cuban troubles are over.

"Park Here!"

AT LAST the city retail establishments have discovered, as they should have long ago, that their inhospitable "No Parking" signs drove thousands of prospective customers into the arms and the shops of their suburban competitors.

Two attempts to offset this disadvantage are now observable. One is a local movement in Oakland, California, and the other a mass attack covering the large number of cities in which the Sears, Roebuck organization maintains retail outlets.

In Oakland you may drive your car to the entrance of *any* department store, leave it in the custody of a uniformed employee and receive a numbered ticket. If you are not ready to make purchases in that particular store but want to "shop around a bit" first, your ticket serves as fare on a special bus which stops at all department stores and also at the garage where your car is parked. After you have made your purchases, you take the bus to the garage, pay a small parking fee and go on your way. Not a minute has been lost in looking for a place to park.

Sears, Roebuck & Company have adopted "Park Here!" as a national slogan. Prospective customers may leave their cars from 8 A. M. until 9 P. M. If they become actual customers the tags are marked and the parking service is given without charge. This is salesmanship of a high order, and it can scarcely fail to be contagious.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) August 13—69.5. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) August 13—61.2.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended August 1—757,293 cars (increase of 15,541 over preceding week; reduction of 162,488 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended August 8—32% of capacity (increase of 1% over preceding week; reduction of 26% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended August 8—daily average gross 2,555,550 barrels (increase of 54,900 over preceding week and of 75,200 over same week of 1930).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended August 13—$6,678,561,000 (reduction of 8.3% under preceding week and of 22.5% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended August 13—451 (reduction of 25 under preceding week; increase of 10 over same week of 1930).

Vagaries—Series 22A

THOSE members of the Vagaries Aid Association who objected to our using the number 13 are a superstitious lot. We therefore present Series 22A, as follows:

1. High-pressure salesmanship in a haberdashery in West Forty-second Street, New York, where customers are served free beer (of legal weakness) and pretzels.

2. Enterprise of the government of Colombia, which inserts four pages of advertising in its booklets of postage stamps. You may put your blurb, in three colors, on the outside back cover of 10,000 booklets for 100 pesos.

3. Ingenuity of the French, as illustrated in the invention of a machine which perfumes outdoor spaces. Sales prospects—garbage dumps, glue factory neighborhoods and swampy real estate developments.

4. Development of a new industry—artificial gold—in the steel city of Sheffield, England. The product is an alloy of aluminum and copper and a full dinner service costs the same as one made of nickel silver.

5. Emulation of the debt-paying exploits of Sir Walter Scott and Mark Twain by John G. Jenkins, Jr., of Long Island, who has spent 24 years paying off indebtedness aggregating $1,000,000 incurred by his father's chain banking failure.

6. Collar insurance, as supplied by a firm in London, England. The system provides laundering and free replacement of all collars, the only stipulations being that the customer will not send collars to any other laundry, and that his business will average at least six collars every two weeks.

Essentials of Marketing

OUT of Milwaukee, which was made famous years ago by a product we cannot identify at the moment, comes a very workmanlike treatise, *Marketing Principles* (McGraw-Hill, $4).

The author, Dr. John Freeman Pyle, is dean of the College of Business Administration of Marquette University and also holds the chair of marketing and economics in the University. His book is significant because of his success in realizing a threefold objective. He aimed to present a method of analysis, a basis for sound generalizations and the point of view that the marketing process is in reality an *organizing force* in business.

The four general divisions of the material deal respectively with the nature, the processes, the practice and the special problems of marketing. Dr. Pyle stresses the importance of executive control and makes a strong plea for scientific market research. He also emphasizes the necessity for standards of performance by which the marketing efficiency of organizations and individuals may be measured.

Some of the recent attempts to add to the literature of marketing have been decidedly sketchy. This does not apply to Dr. Pyle's treatise, which is admirably planned, carefully developed and expressed in language which is understandable to the general reader as well as to the marketing specialist.

FRANK A. FALL.

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Music

Notable New Recordings

FROM the standpoint that the function of the gramophone is to give us works that we probably shouldn't be able to hear in any other way, one of the most interesting recent releases is the *Prelude and Fugue in G Minor,* by Buxtehude, one of Bach's most important forerunners[1]. It is played by Alfred Sittard, on the organ of St. Michael's Church in Hamburg. Perhaps it is interesting chiefly to students of the history of music, but to them it should be a welcome addition to their collections. The organist plays the *Prelude* with what I imagine is the proper vim, as there is nothing particularly delicate about this music.

To those who don't mind program music—and I suspect that they haven't all been bullied out of existence—Tchaikowsky's *Francesca da Rimini—Symphonic Fantasia, Op. 32* has long been a favorite. It is now issued for the first time on electrically recorded records, played by Albert Coates and the London Symphony Orchestra[2]. Although the legend of Paolo and Francesca is Italian, it is just the stuff for Tchaikowsky to hang some of his most brilliant and his most morbid orchestral effects on. Coates revels in it and the recording itself is all it should be.

I have been remiss in not noting sooner that the de Falla *Concerto for Harpsichord, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Violin and Violoncello,* with the composer at the harpsichord, has now been issued in this country by Columbia[3]. I hope a lot of people will have the fun with this that I have had. You can play it for some people and if you tell them you like it they will think you're quite mad. But if you're not careful you'll find it growing on you and you will end by really liking what you may have started out regarding as merely a *tour de force,* if that. In that way it can aptly be compared to the Ravel *Harp Septet.* They are both modern music that have sufficient real merit to make them wear.

To mention only one "popular" selection this week, it would seem safe to call to the attention of almost anybody who likes the unusual in low-down piano playing the fact that Lee Sims has come out with a record of Hoagy Carmichael's *Star Dust* and the same composer's *Rockin' Chair*[4]. If you don't know what Sims can do with a good tune, it's high time you did.

O. C.-T.

1. Brunswick, 90177.
2. Victor, 11091/2.
3. Columbia, 67922/3.
4. Brunswick, 6132.

GENERAL FOODS ANNOUNCES A NEW RESEARCH ACHIEVEMENT..

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Coffee deteriorates on contact with air. The delicate, volatile flavors escape, thereby causing loss of freshness. Oxygen combines with oils left in the coffee, thereby causing staleness. The best vacuum packing now in commercial use removes 90% of the air. Vita-Fresh removes more than 99% of the air and, for practical purposes, creates a complete and perfect vacuum. The importance of this advance is shown from the fact that even a 90% removal of air leaves in the can enough oxygen to cause some deterioration of the contents. Vita-Fresh seals coffee's fragrance so perfectly that even expert coffee tasters cannot tell the difference between coffee that has stood for months in Vita-Fresh cans and coffee fresh from the roaster.

Probability that the new process may be made available to other packers is disclosed in the announcement that the American Can Company has been authorized to grant the use of it to other coffee roasters.

"The Story of Vita-Fresh," a booklet which should be of interest to both housewife and business man, will be sent to you free upon request.

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The New Movies

Greta Nissen, the Swedish beauty who plays the dancer in "Transatlantic"

"The Miracle Woman"

SISTER Aimee Semple McPherson, the California redhead who put religion over with a bang, has been used as the subject of an unusual and decidedly interesting movie. Barbara Stanwyck portrays sexy sister "Florence Fallon," while Frank Capra's direction makes *The Miracle Woman* a real motion picture that moves. Some states—New York for one—have censored this film heavily, but even so it is a satisfactorily scorching exposé of the salvation racket. It is true that the girl starts out seriously enough, but she immediately falls into the hands of Mr. Sam Hardy, who promotes her to the hilt. In the back room of the tabernacle the boys sit around drinking and smoking and counting up the box office. Paid actors are rehearsed to stage hysterical "repentance" scenes at every performance, and every other detail of the revival phenomena is shown. While no direct mention is made of Sister Aimee, the temple in the film, its fantastic service, its brass band in uniform, its choirs of pretty girls in short skirts, and its spectacular lighting effects were undoubtedly inspired by the California manifestation. Even the people in the audience look like the people who go to revivals. Among the converts is a blind boy, and in almost no time at all Sister Fallon is spending her evenings at his apartment. At this point love comes galloping up in the usual Hollywood manner, and Sister Florence decided to expose herself to her worshippers for the fake she is. At this juncture the flimsy wooden tabernacle catches fire, and when it is all over she has reformed and is beating a drum in the Salvation Army. Barbara Stanwyck does extremely well, although she hasn't the shouting power of the real, leather-lunged Sister Aimee. An unusual movie. David Manners is the blind boy.

"Huckleberry Finn"

In order to flatter a feminized America, Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* has been equipped with junior sex appeal as a motif, and had its story changed almost beyond recognition. About half the footage is given over to Tom Sawyer gazing into Becky's eyes and Huck gazing into Mary Jane's eyes. Huck runs away because Becky snubs him, and later when he finds a girl of his own, the girls in the audience respond by cooing and gurgling at his every awkward, boyish gesture. Obviously little is left of Mark Twain's story of a boy who resisted civilization and went adventuring on a raft on the Mississippi. Whereas in the book Huck goes adventuring alone, he is accompanied at all times by Tom in the movie. Those who know Mark Twain will be furious, and those who do not will see a passably entertaining story about children called Huck and Tom. Junior Durkin as Huck is considerably better than Jackie Coogan, who plays Tom Sawyer.

"Sporting Blood"

The first half of this story of the life of a race horse has a simplicity and ease which are singularly effective. Later on it turns into a familiar race horse melodrama, but even so it is well above the average. In a foreword Metro announces that four real Kentucky racing stables were used in making *Sporting Blood*, and the improvement over the old Hollywood, Cal.-Kentucky racing stables is several hundred per cent. For a while *Sporting Blood* actually manages to be more concerned with the fate of the horse than with Love. Director Charles Brabin has managed the sequence in which the colt is born in the thundershower with considerable skill. Later he follows the colt through his training to his first big race—and from then on to his later owners. Some of these are cruel and avaricious and nearly dope him to death, while others merely neglect him. Finally he wins the Kentucky Derby and a kind home. Madge Evans, Clark Gable and Earnest Torrance are the leading human players.

CREIGHTON PEET.

The Spotlight on Sports

(Continued from Page 531)

weight limit on a diet of caraway seeds. He had weighed in secretly for his last championship fight with Tendler.

Leonard is even more generously girthed today. Athletically speaking, he is fat. Maybe he can slough off forty pounds in a gym, but he cannot shake off any of his forty years. Being a canny chap, Benny must know that the ring is no place for a middle-aged man who has been out of it so long a time. Unhappily, the fortune which Leonard earned with his padded mitts took wing in the Wall Street crash. He needs ready cash; he's still a drawing card—q.e.d—Benny will come back.

After a few rehearsals against push-overs Leonard will probably get the beating he avoided when his timing was true, his feet nimble and his eye keen, but by that time he may have replenished the family coffers. Even the depression won't prevent a Jewish landslide at the box office when Benny again flicks that venomous left jab in some young husky's nose.

Lightning Hazard

IF MUD, as Napoleon remarked, "is the unknown element in war," the common thunderstorm is surely the uncharted hazard in golf. A tree-lined fairway is no place for those who flinch when lightning weaves its eerie patterns across the summer sky, particularly since electricity has an affinity for steel-shafted clubs.

Only the other day big Ed Dudley, Western Open champion, was struck by lightning on the 34th green of the Manufacturers' Club course during the Philadelphia Open. The bolt caromed off an umbrella which a caddie was holding over Dudley, glanced down the steel-shafted putter in Dudley's hand, and thence to earth. Dudley escaped with a stiff arm and leg, but his zest for golf was temporarily squelched. He withdrew. Whereupon an obliging tournament committee cancelled the day's scores and decreed a new deal for everybody.

Lest steel shaft manufacturers construe the foregoing as a knock, I hasten to add that steel-bladed, hickory-shafted clubs are just about as dangerous to handle when the air is charged with electricity. Rules are admirable things, but if I were leading a medal field when lightning began to lay down a barrage I would lose interest in my midiron shot to the flag and beat an undignified retreat to the clubhouse.

GEORGE TREVOR.

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▶▶ The Latest Plays ◀◀

THERE comes a time (plenty of times) in the existence of every writer who has to do a regular piece for some publication, be it daily, weekly or monthly, when there just isn't a darn thing to write about. By far the easiest thing, on both the scribbler and his readers, would be not to write anything. However, in between advertisements there has to be something of a non-commercial nature, although that in itself gives rise to an interesting point. I remember once hearing Hugh Walpole say that, as an Englishman, he liked reading the *Saturday Evening Post*. He could never tell for certain whether he was reading a story or an advertisement, but as they were all in the same novel (to him) style, he didn't mind. But all publications are not as fortunate as the S. E. P. in having either that many ads or a virtual monopoly on the mass production of uniform fiction and articles. In fact, isn't the *Post* bought because it's always alike and papers like the OUTLOOK because they're expected to be different? I'm asking you because, after all, I've only been at this regular weekly stuff for about a year. Well, a hundred and fifty words a day took more out of Coolidge in less than a year than the presidency did in six. He had to quit when the hot weather set in.

Perhaps the thing to do when, for the third successive week, there are no new plays to tell you about, is to examine how some of the fellows who have been at it longer than I have fill up their space under similar circumstances. We'll confine the discussion to dramatic critics —I've really got no sympathy at all for this Coolidge fellow. He was just lazy about looking up the right platitudes to apply to what everybody else said about the day before yesterday's news in yesterday's papers.

To begin with, there is always the *résumé* of the past season. In all due fairness to most of my colleagues, I must say they will do almost anything rather than resort to that. When anybody does a *résumé* of the past season in a weekly or a monthly he is really admitting that he is licked. (See next week's issue of the OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT.)

Ascending just a step higher in the scale, from the point of view of editorial probity, is Mr. St. John Ervine's technique. For no less than ten weeks this past spring and summer Mr. Ervine has been writing two full columns a week for the *London Observer* under the heading of *The Play*. Mind you, I know that play can mean frolic or game as well as dramatic art, but when he stretches it, as he did, to cover vital and all other statistics of a trip to Scandinavia, with hardly more than passing mention of what drama those countries possess, I have something of the same sort of envy of his gall that I have for Mr. Hoover's when he poses as a statesman.

To Mr. Robert Benchley's mill everything is grist. In fact, one of Mr. Benchley's better recent stunts has been to take that stuff of Ervine's, which I have hinted above was grist already, put it through the mill, and have it come out still as grist. For Mr. B. solved the space filling problem by copying one of Mr. Ervine's Scandinavian pieces, changing the locale to the Providence, R. I., boat and making it sound more like the ex-critic of the ex-N. Y. *World* than St. John himself.

Percy Hammond, in the *Herald-Tribune*, the other day rivaled St. J. E. in getting away from it all when he did a piece about Floyd Gibbons and himself in the war in France. The caption was *The Theatres*. He had the second sagest Irish sage licked on remoteness from his nominal subject in both time and distance. Where he lost his nerve was in confessing that he had been in a New York theatre where he saw Gibbons and that reminded him of their war experiences.

Now, all these ways of using up printer's ink are all right in their way, but that's the trouble. They have been preëmpted by the above-named gentlemen. Do you know what it looks like to me? I think I'm probably going to have to get to work and think up a way of my own. If I succeed I will have it registered and copyrighted in every country, including the Scandinavian.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

Recommended Current Shows

Gilbert and Sullivan: Finishing their season with **The Mikado,** which is anybody's two dollars' worth.

Grand Hotel: Swell theatre, and, according to latest reports, still being played as such.

Once in a Lifetime: Last few weeks of a part of the kidding Hollywood deserves.

Precedent: This closes September fifth unless a lot of you people go and see it. You should.

Private Lives: There's no telling who will be playing the leads any given performance, but you'll probably laugh anyway.

The Band Wagon: Scenically, musically and as to talent all you can reasonably ask for in a revue.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Katharine Cornell making a great hit out of a rather morbid play.

The Green Pastures: They announced it was going to close once before. They may mean it this time. Hurry, if you haven't seen it.

Third Little Show: All the Bee Lillie I want, but then, some people are never satisfied.

Ziegfeld Follies: A good Ziegfeld show, which should be all you want to know.

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10 single hyacinths in 4 colours
10 double hyacinths in 4 colours (unique in colour and fragrance)
15 single narcissus in 4 colours
15 double narcissus in 4 colours
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25 muscarius-flowers
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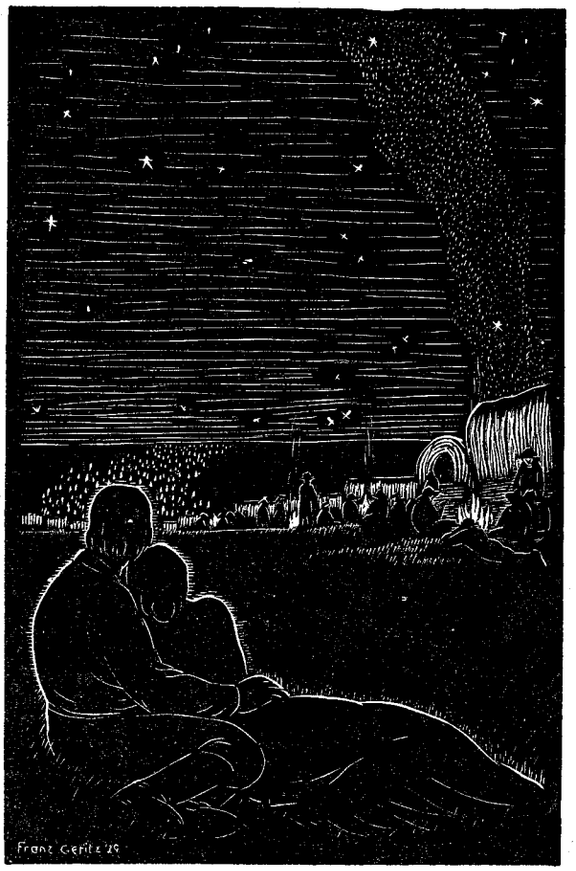
The New Books

From Homer to Hardy

HOW can one man have the courage to undertake what Philo M. Buck, formerly of New Jersey, then of Nebraska, now of Wisconsin, has actually done in his book of the season in the noblest sense of the word, *The Golden Thread* (Macmillan, $4)? For in this treatise of 552 pages, bound in gold-leaf and worth its weight in the same metal, Professor Buck has ably analyzed, soundly interpreted, and sanely evaluated full three thousand years of literature—from Homer to Hardy.

There is really no trick about such an achievement; it is rather a matter of talent and experience. Mr. Buck has learned the gift of the broad outlook through his years of patience as a professor. His is no mere Drinkwater "Outline." And there have been only a few great writers. Just as four or five universities or colleges in the United States are at this moment writing the catalogues of the remaining thousand, just so do the Dantes and Goethes of time cut the pattern for the countless others, each of whom may be great from this or that aspect, though it could not be said of any one of them that, in Milton's language, "the world was all before them." Philo M. Buck has done what not many professors could do. But, and it is a thousand pities, watch his colleagues pick and peck at microscopic and purely subjective flaws. In fact I listed a score myself. But I am honest enough to show how tiny and personal they are by quoting one. Mr. Buck states that Goethe did not create women characters whom you would care to invite to tea. In a sense this is true, but not true in the Buck sense; for if you invited some of them to tea some of the table service might be missing when you went to clean up after the party. Names furnished on request.

Shelley, who knew precisely what he was talking about, once remarked that no man had sufficient fancy to visualize what the world would be like if there had never been any poets. This is the whole truth. With the influence of literature what it is, no man has in 1931 sufficient fancy to visualize merely the influence of whoever wrote the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* so many centuries ago. This is but one illustration, and one taken from the beginning of things at that. And yet there are those who would throw out the study of all such creations from our colleges and universities and substitute for them courses on basket-making, layer-cake, and affection for insects. If we can be saved at all from such barbaric invasions, worse ten times than that of the Huns or the Assyrians, the Goths or the grasshoppers, it can only be by the wide sales and still wider reading of such studies as this one by Mr. Buck. He argues that there is a golden thread running through all the great literatures, whether they be of the nineteenth century B. C. or A. D., and wholly regardless of their authorship as this spells nationalism and nationalities. With superb workmanship, for example, Mr. Buck shows how perfectly Plato would have understood the Hell and Purgatory of Dante.



From "The Great Trek," California series by Owen Cochran Coy (Powell)

Even with space at a pre-crash premium, a few words must go to Mr. Buck's general scheme. Leading off with a faultless synopsis and appraisement of Homer and his rôle as an interpreter of men's ambitions, achievements and disillusionments, he discusses with equal clarity and lack of bias the mystery of tears as processed and implemented by Sophocles, Euripides and Aeschylus, and unveils then the mystery of laughter with Aristophanes as the medium. This leads naturally to tragedy of Empire with all about Virgil, declared to be "the most modern of all ancient poets." We whirl around then to the bankrupt of paganism with a diverting essay on Socrates, who knew neither fear nor publishers.

Chapter VII deals with India, its *Little Clay Cart,* played in this country only a few years ago, and Kalidasa's big *Schakuntala* played at Smith College before girls smoked in the demure Coolidge hamlet. Then comes the Hebrew Bible with many a remark that would jolt the correct clergyman off his feet if he were to read it—but he won't—while the Christian Bible is omitted, along with various other stitches in the golden thread. The Middle Ages are disposed of under the heading "The Two Eternities," with Dante proving much the more spacious of the two. Don Quixote follows as naturally as a roaring head follows a spree, and this prepares us for Montaigne, who retired to his tower, let the armies pass by without even applying for a commission, and wrote his perfect prose. Shakespeare is then taken up as the ironical reply to what has gone before, and Mr. Buck never wrote better than in this chapter. It is better than the next one on Molière and the conception of a gentleman, while no man—it seems to me—can write with the thrill that bowls over on John Milton and the Puritan conscience.

Chapter XV is entitled "Romance and Science," with much about Rousseau and more about Goethe, with especial reference to *Faust.* If the section seems to run a trifle thin, it is the fault of the present writer: there is not much use for one professor to write to another about the latter's specialty, and there is no use at all to write to another professor (of the conventional type) in a new field: he compares the novel with the familiar, and falls asleep with his pipe in his mouth and his slippers on his feet.

The final chapter, No. XVI, is entitled "Last Issues." It might have been called "Lost Issues." For, full of his subject, champing at the bit in the fashion of Pegasus of old, and sailing the blue Mediterranean while writing it,

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Mr. Buck sounds the trumpet call to arms: Science has failed to save society, sociology has merely messed things by its feckless piddling, and psychology has made an utter idiot of itself by calling great writers, and great characters created by them, by such ugly names as paranoiacs and cases of dementia praecox. The present is set down as an age of raucous journalism, the countryside is said to be full of little black Zolas, Walt Whitman is mentioned in connection with an "inspired idiot," only Tolstoy is regarded as beautiful and bountiful, and Hardy is rated second to the great Slav.

Mr. Buck was able to trace his golden thread only to 1832, the year in which Goethe died. After this, the once golden thread became dyed—and really great literature disappeared from off the earth.

This is a perfectly splendid book—up to the last ten pages. These are journalistic themselves, and jaunty; to which no one would take exception. But they are also a bit jaundiced. This is bad, for the reasoning is bad. If the present is not producing the big work, there is a cause that lies quite beyond journalism or the meanness of modern men: The big themes, or at least the best themes, have been worked. Another *Hamlet* is as unthinkable as another discovery of America. It matters not how many more symphonies may be composed, the Ninth will always mean Beethoven. Two of the arts have reached

Most Discussed Books

Fiction

Shadows on the Rock, by Willa Cather: Knopf. A charming, sensitive picture of life in Quebec in the time of Frontenac. Reviewed August 5.

A White Bird Flying, by Bess Streeter Aldrich: Appleton. The sequel to **A Lantern in Her Hand.** Reviewed this week.

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

Hatter's Castle, by A. J. Cronin: Little, Brown. The story of a brutal Scotchman and how he brought his own life down about his ears; excellently written. Reviewed July 22.

The Irish Beauties, by E. Barrington: Doubleday Doran. A fictionized biography of the beautiful Gunning sisters in the style the author has made popular. Reviewed August 5.

Non-Fiction

Washington Merry-Go-Round, Anonymous: Liveright; Official Washington irreverently and entertainingly exposed. Reviewed July 29.

Mexico: A Study of Two Americas, by Stuart Chase: Macmillan. A student of American civilization analyzes Mexico's. Reviewed August 12.

Portraits in Miniature, by Lytton Strachey: Harcourt, Brace. Biographical sketches and essays about French and English literary figures. Reviewed July 22.

The Mirrors of 1932, Anonymous: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. Reflections of the ten leading Presidential possibilities. Reviewed July 29.

Noguchi, by Gustav Eckstein: Harpers. The story of the famous Japanese bacteriologist who gave his life for science. Reviewed May 20.

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the peak: Music and Poetry. Mr. Buck's book deals entirely with the latter.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

A Preface to Civilization

A FEW years ago Mr. Alfred A. Knopf rendered the American people an enduring service by publishing the English translation of Oswald Spengler's *Der Untergang des Abendlandes*. The erudite and somewhat brash Spengler, who is not attached to any one of Germany's twenty-three universities or ten technological institutes, attempted to show that civilization moves in cycles, and that the present one is suffering from an imminent fade-away. No one would seriously question the greatness of Spengler's jeremiad on the downfall of all things western, any more than one would question the "greatness" of an earthquake. But Spengler's was, all told, a pessimistic, even a surly investigation into the state of the universe.

It is the settled conviction of the present writer that the Macmillan Company has now rendered the English language world a relatively equal service through the publication of C. Delisle Burns's *Modern Civilization on Trial* ($2.50). It is not a large book—thirteen chapters, 320 pages. Nor is it an immensely scholarly book. There are isolated references to the Einsteins and Hegels of civilization, but the references are utterly harmless. There are occasional allusions to atonality in music and the quantum theory in physics, but the allusions are made in passing, somewhat as a tourist might note Bull Town, W. Va., without stopping to inquire whether this was a patronymic or merely a name. And no one need be detoured by the "on trial." Dr. Burns does not feel that civilization is falling down, or even slipping, except in his safe and sane chapter entitled "Modern War and Peace." In this chapter he shows, with all the vigor that familiarity with the facts can give a mind of his type, that if we are to reason on the basis of armaments we are precisely as far from another world war as the world was in 1909, or just five years. Naturally he contends that another world war will wipe out all that is decent; and decent people agree with him.

The entire book is a "Preface to Civilization." Walter Lippmann is even footnoted in one place. The authorities on whom Dr. Burns draws are in fact always of the highest grade; he carefully avoids those who moralize beyond their depths. He has the rare and saving knack of presenting cold figures so that they do not appall, while his facts are expressed in language that appeases. Regarding war, by way of illustration, he states that it does create patriotism, but a patriotism that looks backward. This would make a good desk motto for any veteran. He shows, what not many people know, that the military attaché pinned on to a foreign embassy is merely a spy, a mediaeval thing that is hopelessly out of place and crying to be abandoned, as Germany, under duress of course, has already done.

As to America's place in the sun, Dr. Burns has the soundest of ideas and, for once, they are on the whole complimentary. He either acquits us entirely of the charge of standardization, or compliments us on the type we have. He states, without apology to any one, that whereas our hosiery may all run true to one form, it is not nearly so badly standardized as the poverty and distress that have long cursed Europe and still damn Asia. He says right out that if the European cinema is largely American it is due to the fact that the cinema just began to flourish in 1910, and that while Europe was making battlefields we were making Hollywoods. The same applies, he says, to other prime factors in modern civilization, such as the automobile and the radio.

The noble idea, however, running all through this perfectly documented study is that of "community." The world is coming closer and closer together, and if civilization be "on trial" at all, it is because of the ever increasing number and magnitude of the problems created by this welcome oneness. Dr. Burns even avers, and no one can refute him, that there would have been by not later than 1920 a League of Nations even had there never been a war or a Wilson. The reader has before him the genuine pleasure of seeing how deftly he arrives at this notable conclusion.

The first sentence of the book is, "Men act and think and feel together." In the final paragraph we are told to carry the argument further and that whoever does so will be "in good company." This is quite true. With all of the excellent discussion on how the world is coming together, Dr. Burns says not a word about the desirability and possibility of just one language. He even speaks of our present anchorage to the "many" languages we already have. These he seems to feel are fixed. They are the one thing that is not fixed. In time to come all the world will speak one language, and it will not be an artificial one either. Nor will it be any one of the languages now spoken. But it will resemble most nearly, and have the most roots of whichever language is spoken by whatever nation is nearest perfection when civilization is no longer on trial.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

Illustrations from "Chin Chin Chinese Man" by Frances Nowlin Head (Dutton)

The Week's Reading

"A WHITE BIRD FLYING," by Bess Streeter Aldrich (D. Appleton & Co., $2.50). People in the hidebound, ignorant East do not know, Mrs. Aldrich claims, that Indians no longer stalk through the prairies of Nebraska making the night horrid with their cries, that farmers no longer carry their wives and forty-nine children in prairie schooners across the wasteland, that, in short, with the advent of radios, roadsters, and Rotarians Nebraska has become modernized. In writing *A White Bird Flying*, therefore, Mrs. Aldrich has a twofold purpose. She sets out both to make the far confines of America Nebraska-conscious and also to show how young Laura Deal, granddaughter of pioneers, learns to reconcile her love for a man with her love for self-expression. From her grandma Laura acquired, while still a tenderfoot, the ambition to write. At the age of twelve she was able to sob over grandma's death and, simultaneously, to rehearse the scene of her sorrow in phrases she invented. For Laura was a ward of the Muses. She grew up in a small town, living two lives, one in the high school and one in her fancy. Her symbol of this dream-world, taken from a poem her grandma had liked, was a white bird flying. When she grew up, she had to decide between reality, in the shape of a blond scientific farmer, and dreams, in the shape of a career The book, naïvely sweet and optimistic, makes no effort to transcend the commonplace. It points to a simple world from which, if you listen to the promptings of your heart, you are certain to glean happiness.

"NEW ENGLAND HOLIDAY," by Charles Allen Smart (W. W. Norton, $2.50). Every generation, as it comes of age, must be cubbyholed. Its predecessors cannot be happy till they have labeled it for morals, manners and

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personality. Although in two thousand years human nature has changed little, parents can always find a chasm of differences between themselves and their offspring. The Rev. Mr. Morgan and his wife, official hosts to a house-party of twelve young people, three of whom are their own, find many quirks to worry them in the group under their observation. These seven ex-Harvard men and the five girls, some of whom are still at Wellesley, provoke a real anxiety, not, however, by gin-swigging and belly-wriggling, for this is a Boston group, whose restlessness lies buried beneath a pile of culture. It represents, in its own way, an American aristocracy, that is, an aristocracy of morals, carried over from the Puritan Fathers and serving, even now, as a four-wheeled brake to impulses. Each member of the house-party writes a chapter of the tale. Each gives a private and wholly honest reaction to the others. All of them betray the uncertainty which, according to Mr. Smart, is the index of the day. *New England Holiday* copes with the emotions of well-bred youth effectively. It does not attempt to heighten a simple situation into drama. It sets out, in direct fashion, to clarify a characteristic mood of puzzled, self-conscious, precocious American youth.

"THE SONS OF MRS. AAB," by Sarah Gertrude Millin (Horace Liveright, $2.50). Without luck, even the most earnest plodder will not reach the fringes of happiness. In some parts of the world people must stake their whole lives on chance and, while courting it, they may starve. So it is with the diamond diggers who work daylong in the glare of the South African sun and go home at night to iron huts, crowded, most often, with progeny of every shade from white to black. Caroline Aab was a rich farmer's daughter who, being angular and frowsy, had not found a husband in her class. She had married, instead, a shiftless workman with a handsome face and, driven out by her father, had come, years ago, to the Sheba diamond diggings, where her man could do the only work for which he was fitted. She had borne him seven children of whom two survived, the first, Gideon, who was healthy, and the last, Hercules, who was an idiot. Her husband, dying abruptly, left her only the house. Caroline would not write to her family of this predicament. So Gideon, at the age of sixteen, set out for the diggings, to support his mother and his brother. When the story begins, Gideon is twenty-five. Once, he has found a diamond. Whatever he has made, Caroline spends on shoes, clothing and doctor's care for Hercules, who is always sick and does not die. Gideon, wasting his manhood on the nearly exhausted Sheba mine, comes to hate both Hercules and his mother. Slowly, bitterly, with

wounding irony, Mrs. Millin unfolds the story of Gideon's life. The book has the stubborn, psychological irrefutability of some of the Russian novels. It pins you down with unutterable conviction.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

"THE AMERICAN DEMOCRAT," by James Fenimore Cooper (Knopf, $2.50). This is the first reprint of a book published in 1838. In it the author of *The Spy, The Last of the Mohicans,* and so forth, exercises his powers as a pamphleteer in a sharp and just criticism of his fellow Americans. A few of the articles which make up the book are devoted to a discussion of the pros and cons of various forms of government, but more are vigorous attacks on that peculiar form of vulgarity which flourished in America a hundred years ago, and still flourishes. A great deal that Cooper wrote of his countrymen is still being written by others and some of his book can be read with profit. There is not much to laugh at in it, and a lot to think about. One of the most entertaining articles has to do with language—"The common faults of American language are an ambition of effect, a want of simplicity, and a turgid abuse of terms." He might have been writing in 1930 of advertising circulars, special articles, sermons, book reviews. He might have been writing of some paragraphs of the introduction which H. L. Mencken has contributed to this reprinting of *The American Democrat.* This book is an addition to the *Americana Deserta* series being published under the general editorship of Bernard D. Voto. Like the other volumes of the series (of which it is, so far, the most certainly worthy of rescue from oblivion) *The American Democrat* is a beautiful piece of bookmaking.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Behind the Blurbs

DEEP snow blanketed the village of Sittaford on that afternoon when the spirits rapped out for Mrs. Willett and her friends, who were amusing themselves with a little table-tipping, the news of the murder of Captain Trevelyan. So begins Agatha Christie's new story, *The Murder at Hazelmoor*[1]. Nephew Jim Pearson looks a likely suspect, but fortunately for him he's engaged to the energetic Emily, who tells him to cheer up and takes the first train for Sittaford, to look into the matter for herself. The titles of the last three chapters will give you an inkling of the conclusion—The Second Seance, Emily Explains, The Lucky Man. But they won't help you to guess the murderer's name. With her usual ingenuity Mrs. Christie conceals that until the last possible moment. ♣ ♣ ♣ In *The Crime Conductor*[2] Col. Gethryn investigates the death in a bathtub of Sigsbee, theatrical producer. And had Sigsbee died accidentally in the tub, or by an unknown hand in the washbowl? Suspects include the dope-soaked Fox, the ape-armed Vickers, the peculating Mr. Fern, and several others. Much of the story is told by Col. G. in letters to his wife, whereby it loses some of its effect. But it's a good average thriller. ♣ ♣ ♣ In *Royal Heritage*[3] Roland Pertwee tells the story of the goings on in the island principality of Syrilla after Prince Mario fled and Braemar Whalen was made Dictator. In a few years Braemar industrialized the once feudal island, but though the standard of living of the people had been raised, they were not satisfied, and after twenty years of it they revolted. Enter Mario's son, Denzil, who, hiding in his own capital city, engineered a bloodless revolt that swept Braemar from his pedestal and Braemar's daughter into Prince Denzil's arms. The story is told somewhat clumsily by various actors and lookers-on, and except in the last hundred pages lacks the gaiety and swiftness of this author's previous romances. ♣ ♣ ♣ The August choice of the Religious Book Club is Toyohiko Kagawa's *The Religion of Jesus.* And the Scientific Book Club chooses Edgar H. Felix's *Television, Its Methods and Uses.*

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Dodd Mead, $2.00.
2. By Philip MacDonald: Crime Club, $1.00.
3. Houghton Mifflin, $2.00.

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Now appreciate you fully
And lament:

What though you scratch your grandma's eyes
Disputing a banana?
What though your shameless dress comprise
A skimpy loin-bandanna?—
What though you plot your babes' demise
And keep no strict connubial ties?
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MAURICE SAGOFF.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

Shortly after publishing in this column two weeks ago a poem sent in by Aeneas B. Hooker, a correspondent in Newark, N. J., wrote to inform us that the poem was by no means original with Mr. Hooker, but was written by Sir Walter Scott, in Canto VI of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Having checked this information and found it indeed only too true, we at once wrote Mr. Hooker, expressing our indignation and disgust at such a barefaced example of literary plagiarism, and asking if he had any explanation to offer. We had the following reply by return mail:

"Sir: I seldom reply to letters criticising or condemning my conduct, inspired as they invariably are by envy, or by the hope to shine in some reflected glow of fame. Such letters are the puny and futile blows aimed at all great men by defeated antagonists. My conduct *is* its own justification. Nevertheless, so closely in general do the views expressed in your valued column coincide with my own opinions, that I should regret to have any misunderstanding arise between us, and I shall in this case make an exception.

"You state that the authorship of this poem is claimed by one 'Sir' Walter Scott. Who is this Scott? I never heard of him. I do not find him in Debrett, and can only conclude that his title is, like his authorship, a fiction of his own imagination. And speaking of titles, I am *Captain,* not *Mister* Hooker, and I will thank you to remember it. I earned that title first at sea, and though I later won many others, in a dozen campaigns both at sea and on land, I wish to be known only as captain. As for honorary titles, I care little for them. Dozens have been offered me, but I have always refused them. As the late Kaiser said to me when I paid him a short visit at Potsdam in 1912: 'Hoocher,' he said—he always pronounced it Hoocher, for he liked to feel that I was a German, and I never corrected him, not caring to hurt his feelings—'Hoocher,' he said, 'a dozen times already I have tried to make you a Count, and you have refused. Always you refuse.' 'Wilhelm,' I replied, 'of what use this senseless multiplication of titles? There are only two really titled men in the world—Emperor Wilhelm Hohenzollern and Captain Aeneas Hooker.' He smiled, and I could see he was pleased. Rather a vain man, Wilhelm; it didn't occur to him that I had included him only out of courtesy.

"However, I am digressing. As to the poem; as I wrote you, I found it in a trunk full of my old manuscripts that I had forgotten all about. I have no idea when I wrote it. I don't mind admitting that I didn't remember a line of it. It was simply the product of some idle quarter hour, no better nor worse than dozens of others I can show you. I write them, and forget them. I am at a loss to understand how any one could care to lay false claim to so slight a thing. However, there it is, in my own handwriting, and I fail to see what further proof is needed.

"I may add that I shall expect a full retraction and apology from this man, Scott. I trust you will forward this letter to him. Then if no reply is forthcoming, I shall know what measures to take.

AENEAS B. HOOKER."

There is a certain confusion obvious in Captain Hooker's mind with regard to this matter. We have written him again and hope to have a somewhat more coherent reply.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

Tale of Two Cities—1931

(Continued from Page 529)

conquered France in 1871. France was nervous. Without any *prima facie* juridical case (for customs unions are exempt from most-favored-nation obligations) she secured delay by the reference of the matter to the world court. Great Britain, by inaction, favored Germany. It was England's round again.

France now looked on the *Creditenanstalt* and offered to rescue it with a loan, provided Austria (which had assumed its liabilities) would consent to relinquish the *Zollverein.* Austria would not. Collapse for Austria! No. English bankers saved the *Creditenanstalt* and the Austrian government commitments without political conditions. Once more England's round, and France in an ugly fighting mood.

THEN, gradually, mysterious things began happening in Germany—industrially so strong, financially so exposed to loan calls and to the necessity of maintaining an export surplus to meet reparations demands. There is no documentary proof that France engineered the withdrawals which weakened the Reichsbank's position, but all persons familiar with the Poincaré technique take it for granted. One day in June President Hoover received word that the German bank of issue was within forty-eight hours of suspending gold payment.

The United States thereupon reversed her traditional policy and intervened actively in European affairs. She proposed that a year's moratorium be declared on all inter-governmental debts. England agreed promptly, and so did Italy (whose anti-French drive is basic to her foreign policy). France made conditions, and Mellon discussed them. He discussed them long enough to throw the German financial situation again into turmoil. France was waiting—and French newspapers of the time sufficiently prove it—for Germany to give in to the French political demands—renunciation of the German-Austrian *Zollverein,* suppression of the second German "pocket cruiser," and (although this demand did not appear so prominently in the Paris newspapers) acceptance of the Polish corridor to Danzig. But Germany, openly encouraged by England, refused to give in, and France was obliged to sign Hoover's moratorium proposal, with many if's and and's left until later. England, smiling again on another victorious round, invited all parties concerned to meet in London to insure Germany's future.

France did not like that. She has

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never liked seeing Continental policy decided at London. She invited Chancellor Brüning to come to Paris first—the first time since the War that a German chancellor had come to the City of Light in his official capacity. The German chancellor made polite speeches. So did Premier Laval. Press dispatches do not say whether they mentioned the *Zollverein,* the pocket battleship, or the Polish corridor. Certainly the German chancellor made no promises on any of these counts.

So, *noblesses oblige,* the premier and the chancellor went to London and discussed Germany's future with official representatives of other nations, including the United States—now, don't forget, officially committed to intervention in European affairs. A point for England, but the round is not finished yet.

Nothing was done at London to help Germany. Recommendations, yes. Recommendations that all banks should extend their short-term loans to Germany and gradually convert them into long-term loans. But everything referred back to the various banks concerned. Why? Because France would not consent to remove her financial and political pressure. For Poincaré was in effect playing ball with Hitler. France could so goad Germany that a Hitler-Fascist government would turn all German investments into gambles. The economic life of the Continent in France's hands! This round, on points, went to Paris.

FRANCE had made her financial thrust first at Austria and then at Germany. The result had been no decision, for at every step England blocked her. She now—the record here is crystal clear—made her thrust directly at London. Paris began selling its huge sterling holdings until the English pound sank beneath what is called in the financial papers the "gold point," which means, in everyday language, that the Bank of England was obliged to ship gold abroad, chiefly to Paris, to prove she had the gold to meet her debts. This had happened suddenly on two previous occasions when Franco-British politics were at a crisis. But now the enforced outflow of gold from the Bank of England assumed such proportions that the very ability of Great Britain to meet its obligations came in question.

Now the ability of the Bank of England to pay gold on demand is the very rock on which the British Empire is based. It is more fundamental than England's commercial supremacy, which has been surpassed in many lines by the United States and by Germany. It is more fundamental than the British navy,

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From the Life

The Suicide

NOW that he was an old man—and after all what was the use of denying it? He was ninety-one years old and had always looked squarely at facts—now that he was an old man, he had time to sit alone in his house, especially in the evening, and look back over his life.

The other old men on that street did not sit indoors. One sat in a chair out front and tilted back comfortably against the house wall, smoking and gazing at the little plot of ground between him and the fence, another sat in a rocking chair and stared up at the sky. Still another did not sit at all, but leaned anxiously upon the front gate watching the dusky street for familiar faces.

But whatever they did, thought the old man who sat inside his house, it was the same story. Each one wasted something. Tearing up the good sod with the legs of a chair, or filling a dirty pipe with his last few pennies, or using up his last energy in idle talk. Yet these were the ones with luck enough to have escaped the Poorhouse!

The old man in his house smiled his customary smile. He sucked his lips in tightly over his gums, and while this had the effect of pulling a few wrinkles out of his cheeks the result was not so pleasant as it was remarkable. He was wondering, indeed, how many of these old men in his town were as independent and as robust as himself. Not one, he told himself, and every evening it was this same thought that took him back to the beginning again.

What would they say, he wondered, these old men out there, if he were to tell them that in order to own a house one must begin with the first penny? He remembered how he had held on to it. A stranger had given it to him, and he had at once tied it up in a piece of rag and hidden it in his pocket. Later, he had earned more of them, when he was going to school. The others had played while he himself had run on errands. Fools! he thought, and made a strange sound in his throat. For mostly they had spent their earnings on girls.

He himself had chosen a girl brought up to be careful and saving, and had married young. She was quiet and never said much, and she had always helped him save. But she had died young just the same and hadn't seemed to care. If she'd lived longer they could have done better, for she had a wonderful way with money. But it seemed she had a sort of weakness for children and looked queerly at him for not wanting any.

And where would he be now, he wondered, if he'd had children? They'd have had every penny from him, the roof from over his head and himself in the Poorhouse! It was bad enough having other people's children thinking they had a call on you, through being related. Nephews and nieces. Coming around and asking to sit with you.

They were all after his money. His house and his money. It was very bad for him. His knuckles turned blue as he gripped the arms of his chair; the veins were swollen in his neck and felt like bursting at his forehead. It was dangerous for him. And all their fault. They were waiting for him to die!

Here his thoughts ended every evening. He would go to bed by the cautious light of one candle, but he could not sleep for rage. He had paid his whole life for this house, and for the money which was hidden in it. And these fools were only waiting to snatch it from him; to fling it away as they had flung their own days to the wind!

One night he reached his hand, trembling with anger, to put the candle out and dropped it, candlestick and light, to the floor. Groping through the darkness he thought, good God! he might have burned the house down. Their fault! And then his idea came to him—Tremendous—Magnificent—!

He hurriedly relit the candle and made a search of the house. There it was, all his money in paper bank notes, gathered up at last. In the fireplace he made a bonfire out of paper and fed the notes into it, one by one. Then, carefully, he made his preparations to burn down the house. When these were all completed he dressed himself and waited for the dawn.

On that next day the town was filled with excitement. Such an idea to have come into an old man's head! At ninety-one, to have burned one's house to ashes and all one's money—and then have jumped into the river—a suicide!

But God be praised. There had been those to see the old man jump—there had been those to save him. And every one must know his health was wonderful—He might live now for ten—for twenty years. But with no house—? And with no money?

Still—And the good townspeople nodded their heads compassionately, philosophically. For, as everybody knows, there is always the Poorhouse!

IBBY HALL.

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Tale of Two Cities—1931

(Continued from Page 541)

which has recently been obliged (for the first time since Cromwell's days) to accept parity with another nation, the United States. To preserve this legendary financial stability, in spite of an increasingly adverse trade balance, Britain had agreed to fund her War debt to America. Last year she paid Washington $160,000,000 in order to keep her financial position supreme. And now Poincaré with his French stocking asks if she can actually meet her debts in gold.

Then a surprising thing happened. It is a thing which, a hundred years from now, may be set down as one of those Famous Dates in History. Sir Robert Kindersley, a governor of the Bank of England, went to Paris to ask a loan. The French papers gloated. Hereafter, they suggested, ever so delicately, when England wishes to mix in Continental politics, she must make sure that her finances permit. But France will always help her—at a price.

ENGLAND queried America. American bankers, including the Federal Reserve authorities and all the banks holding German loans, considered. They were well disposed toward England—and this good disposition on the part of Washington politicians and New York banks is what the French have dreaded under the title of "Anglo-American hegemony." But the Bank of England was heavily committed in Germany, and Germany's ability to pay depended so much on French political policy. So, said New York, ask France.

France was asked and condescended to share with New York in a quarter billion dollar credit to save the Rock of Gibraltar. Thus American money, for the first time since the War, is becoming directly interested in the success of French policy. And two days later there was another mysterious run on the Rock of Gibraltar, and sterling again went below the gold point. Showing, perhaps, that New York itself cannot prevail against the French stocking.

French politicians are fully reconciled to the fact that Germany will never again pay any substantial amount of reparations. Their policy is to exact for every financial concession which they grant a political concession on the part of Germany or England. And to keep England quiet while they are thus completing their political domination of the Continent, they have perfected their golden pistol and pointed it at the City of London. Will they succeed? Only Paris and Washington can say.

Crossing the Color Line

(Continued from Page 528)

night and where birth records are carelessly kept or not kept at all and birth certificates are demanded of adults only when they apply for passports to travel abroad, it is easy to defy the world to trace one's pedigree to any other source than that claimed by the individual.

The scarcity of birth records in America, and the fact that the vast majority of white-Negro crosses are illicit, with the question of paternity often doubtful, determined Dr. Charles B. Davenport, Director of the Department of Experimental Evolution of the Carnegie Institution, to go to the British colonies of Jamaica and Bermuda in search of the data on which to base his study of the heredity of skin color in such crosses. In those islands the mating of white and black has been going on at least as long as in the United States, and birth records have been carefully kept for generations. Incidentally, there is not the same social stigma attached to such unions as in the states.

With funds generously supplied for the purpose by Mrs. E. H. Harriman, and with the assistance of Mrs. Davenport and Miss Florence H. Danielson, a field worker in the Eugenics Record Office, Dr. Davenport made the most extensive and only thoroughly scientific research yet undertaken to determine the probable transmission of Negro characteristics—skin, color, hair kink and the like—through several generations of cross-breeding. The records of several hundred cross-bred families were examined, and the individual members of those families were scientifically examined, the test for pigmentation being the most important.

The instrument used for determining the precise percentage of black, yellow, red and white pigment in the skin of each individual was the Bradley color top. In this device disks of colored paper are so arranged that any given proportion of the whole circle can be exposed in each color. Then, when the top is rotated rapidly, the blending of the colors produces a shade in which the exact proportions of each different color can be determined by the proportion of each disk exposed at the time.

In testing the color of a Negro's skin the arm or some other part of the body not usually subjected to the action of the sun was exposed, and the disks of the color top adjusted until the blended color exactly matched that of the subject's skin. This gave a precise percentage of the different pigments in the skin.

It was found that in pure-blooded Negroes the percentages of pigmentation ran about as follows: Black, 50 to 77 per cent; red, 20 to 40 per cent; yellow, 3 to 12 per cent; white, 3 to 17 per cent. The average proportions of a miscellaneous group of Bermuda Negroes of pure blood was 67 per cent black pigment, 19.5 per cent red, 5 per cent yellow and 8.5 white.

Similar skin-color tests on a miscellaneous group of persons of pure Caucasian descent, none of whom could be suspected of having a trace of Negro blood, and who ranged in tint from dark Portuguese brunet to flaxen-haired English blond, gave an average pigmentation of 5.5 per cent black, 34.5 per cent red, 18 per cent yellow and 42 per cent white.

Armed with these data, tests which required a year for their completion were made of the skin colors of hundreds of families of mixed blood in Bermuda and Jamaica. Only those families whose pedigrees could be accurately determined were subjected to the tests, and from three to five generations of each family were examined. Not a single exception was found to the rule that all Negro characteristics disappear after the third generation from the original black-and-white mating, that most of the offspring of this third generation (octoroons) can pass for white under not too careful scrutiny, and that their offspring (mustifees) are "fixed white" and under no circumstances can breed any but white progeny. Provided, in all cases, there has been no new infusion of Negro blood since the first cross-mating.

Hair characteristics were found to follow the rules for skin color, in general, though not precisely. Others besides those of Negro ancestry may, of

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course, have curly or wavy hair; but the kinky or woolly hair of the pure Negro straightens from generation to generation as the skin color lightens with the addition of each new strain of white, varying in the fourth generation from curly to wavy or straight. Here, again, there is no possible reversion to the Negro characteristics, according to Dr. Davenport, whose authority in all matters relating to the hereditary transmission of characteristics is recognized by the entire scientific world. The progeny of two wavy-haired parents will have straight, wavy or curly hair, but never kinky, while two straight-haired parents can never have any but straight-haired children.

"Certainly the offspring of an octoroon and a white person will, so far as skin color goes, be a 'white person,'" Dr. Davenport concludes. "Our studies, then, justify the legal limitation. Indeed, a person of one-eighth blood is completely 'across the line'; married to white there is no expectation of dark-skinned offspring."

Here is scientific proof of the dominance of the white blood, scientific disproof of the popular belief that the Negro strain will crop out in the children after many generations of intermarriage with whites. Taken in connection with the rapidly increasing mixture of the races in the North and the steady migration of Negroes from the South to the North, it suggests interesting possibilities as to the future of the Negro in America. There is no new Negro stock coming into the United States, with the trivial exceptions of the part-white Negroes from the West Indies and an occasional Moor, Berber or Abyssinian from North Africa. Will the Negroes already here always remain Negroes, or will they eventually "pass"? With the spreading out of the Negro population into regions where its proportion to the white population is progressively less, the mingling of the races seems to be on the increase, and the proportion of those who will "pass" annually seems likely to become greater, year by year.

It took six hundred years for the Moors to lose their identity in the mass of the Spanish population and to change the complexion of Spain from that of the blond Visigoths to the dark brunet Spaniard of today. Ten per cent of Americans today are recognizably Negroid; an incalculable percentage carry the blood in their veins though classed as white. It seems not inconceivable that the American Negro will eventually vanish, completely absorbed into the general body of mixed bloods of all races which will constitute the American people of the future.

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